



Established in 1869.

"Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN.

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## Bellefonte Republican.

EDWARD T. TUTEN, Editor.

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### EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

FOREIGNERS must be naturalized by October 5th.

A STATE or county tax must be paid by Saturday, October 5th.

FRANK HUGHES, the demi-god of Greenbackism, is continually getting up "replies" to somebody.

SETH YOCUM, Esq., aspires to Congress from this district on the Greenback ticket.

HONEST money and the payment of honest debts is the bottom upon which our tub stands.

NATT HEAD is the Republican candidate for Governor in New Hampshire.

EDITOR SEELEY doesn't take well to his defeat for the Legislative nomination in Lycoming county.

Now, boys, to work. Let us give the State and county ticket a rousing vote. Our ticket will be in the field next week.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will not lecture this season. His physical infirmities have caused him to abandon the lecture field permanently.

A CITIZEN who removes from an election district to another between the 5th of September and election day loses his right to vote.

A VOTER must have resided for a period of two months—sixty days—in the election district in which he offers to vote to make his vote legal.

A REPORT is in circulation that Gen. Tom Thumb's father is being maintained in a poor house. The General stoutly denies the rumor.

THE German Parliament opened on Monday of last week. In the address read from the throne, Emperor William expressed the hope that the anti-socialist bill would pass.

A FIGHT between moonshiners and revenue officials occurred in Baldwin county, Ga., last Tuesday week. Two of the revenue party were severely wounded.

THE Queen of Italy is described as pretty and elegant looking, having light hair, blue eyes, fair skin and a smile that is the essence of sweetness.

THAT "batch of nonsense" taken from the *Press* is true to the letter, and the *Watchman* can't get over it. The signs of the times clearly prove its truthfulness.

At last Butler is nominated. The Greenback State Convention met in Boston last Wednesday and placed the old renegade widow at the head of their ticket.

THE Clinton Democrat is throwing at Hon. A. J. Quigley the blackest mud at its command. Mr. Quigley bolted the party nomination, and is running as an independent candidate for Assembly.

COUNT ANDRASSY says that a statesman who always makes a point of basing his conduct on public opinion is likely to follow a zig-zag course of policy. It looks as though President Hayes was of the same opinion.

STATE CHAIRMAN SPEER is in the habit of writing political editorials for the *Huntingdon Monitor*, which are detected by the apparent sameness of the author and the productions.

REPORTS have been received at Washington that the indications for business from Richmond to Augusta and Savannah for the fall are very encouraging. The crops in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia are good, and the people cheerfully anticipate the revival of business.

### "Is Hoyt an Infidel?"

Under this head last week's *Watchman* devoted over half a column to the discussion of a question that it apparently cares nothing about, but takes the trouble to give Gen. Hoyt a few words of advice. Our contemporary hears that Hoyt is an infidel and once attended a convention of disbelievers, but cannot vouch as to the truthfulness of the story.

We doubt very much whether the *Watchman* ever heard such a rumor, and believe that Meek wants to start a campaign lie. We believe that Gen. Hoyt is a firm supporter of the fact that there is a God. We know of a certainty that he has admitted the existence of a Supreme Being. On the 20th of June, 1866, a family reunion was held at Stanford, Conn. Mr. Hoyt was called upon for a speech, during which he said: *I thank God* that (with legions of others) *I was enabled in a quiet, and I hope faithful, way, if obscurely, to serve my country during the war.*" Here is an admission of the existence of God. Gen. Hoyt, we are aware, is not yet, nor has ever been, a professing Christian in the modern popular acceptance of the phrase. His early life was one of careful religious training, and on this foundation has been formed a character that is deep, broad and strong in its moral integrity. He has been temperate in the midst of excess, sacredly regardful of his word among the wrecks of broken faith, and incorruptible in all his business transactions while frauds and defalcations have astounded the country and shaken public confidence to its lowest foundations.

The standard of a man's moral record at home is a certain and infallible test. If he is repudiated, or even doubted there, further inquiry is needless. The application of this unerring test to Gen. Hoyt is invited by the party throughout the Commonwealth. If there be any who do not know, and are unwilling to accept the statements of those who do know, let them go to Kingston, where he was born, or to Wilkes-Barre, where he has spent the ripe years of manhood.

We have never heard Dill's religious faith, but we do know that he has straddled two or three kinds of doctrines for political purposes. He is of Methodist origin but is not of that sect. When the report went forth that he was a Methodist, there was considerable commotion among Catholics. In several parts of the State the report was denied to satisfy the bolting element. In conclusion, we think Gen. Hoyt's religious views will stand as strong, and even stronger, test than Mr. Dill's.

HON. GEO. H. PENDLETON, next Democratic Senator from Ohio, concluded his Columbus speech as follows: "Let us remember and duly approve the act that President Hayes, in the midst of unusual embarrassments, has withdrawn the Federal troops from the State House of Louisiana and South Carolina, and thereby restored self-government to those States. Let us remember, and duly applaud the act, that he has spoken a word for civil service reform. However ineffective, however thwarted, with whatever reserve spoken, however ludicrously executed, it was at least a word spoken in behalf of an essential reform. These acts deserve a warmer commendation, for they were done against special opposition. They have alienated partisan friends, broken a united support, and divided, perhaps fatally, the Republican organization. They have demonstrated the utter impossibility of the Republican party reforming itself, and if he has utterly destroyed it, he has filled, as I think, the measure of a good man's usefulness to his country."

GOVERNOR HOYT happened at Lock Haven on the night of the Democratic and Greenback meetings in that city last week. He received more attention, it seems, than either Dill, Curtin or Hughes.

### Dennis Kearney.

This famous blackguard and political adventurer was in New York, entertaining all who like his style with the outpourings of his vulgar mind. Our New York correspondent, "Radix," writes to us about him as follows: "Kearney is spreading. He has come to New York, and greatly astonished the clerk of the hotel at which he was stopping by asking his way to the Astor Library. His purpose, doubtless, was to hunt up fresh adjectives to hurl at the 'moon-eyed, leprous sons of Bloat Bondholders,' with capital Bs.

"Dennis proves himself an alien to this class by always taking up a collection for his own special benefit at the close of each harangue. After the hat has been passed around, and when the sen: ~~less~~ jargon has gone from his listeners' ears, his hearers must wonder what it all amounts to anyway, and whether they got their money's worth. Dennis has about as much hold upon the real working-men of the country as a debilitated leech on the leg of a kicking cow when making through a swamp. He proposes no intelligent methods by means of which his colleagues may better their fortune; for if they followed his advice, incendiarism and plunder would mark the course of the new party's progress. Kearney went to Coney Island after he had passed around the hat in Jersey City the other evening. He said he wanted to 'scour out his throat' before speaking in New York. How he proceeded to do this can be as easily imagined as described.

"Whether the vapors of this blatant demagogue have been the effective cause or not I cannot say; but certain it is that his speeches seem to have been the signal for the general strike now in progress among the horse-car drivers. This strike is causing the traveling public considerable inconvenience, and the companies themselves much trouble and loss, but by the time this letter reaches you, will probably be at an end. The companies claim that the elevated roads have so diminished their receipts that they are forced to cut down wages."

A CORRESPONDENT, in offering the name of Jacob C. Walker, of Boggs, as a candidate for Sheriff, says: "In these political times, when men are hunting the office and not the office the man, when all they seem to desire is success, without consulting the best interests of the whole people, when we so much need honest, upright men to fill the various positions within the gift of the people, we, citizens of Boggs township, offer you one of our best citizens for the office of Sheriff—one whom we know to be not only honest and capable, but as well qualified for the position as any that could be named. Hoping that the convention may nominate him, we confidently present his name, feeling assured that in the event of his receiving the endorsement of the convention he will be elected." The letter bears the signature of many citizens.

Or the Greenback movement, the *Press* says: "It is a temporary frenzy, which will soon run its course. Neither of the great political parties have anything to gain by compromise or concession to this third party. They must either adhere to their own principles or be demoralized, and, as they say South, be disintegrated. The Republicans should bear in mind, that malcontents always avail themselves of third parties to express their discontent. If unacceptable nominations are made, they vote for the new party's nominees. The surest way of securing success is to put in nomination only candidates of unquestionable merit."

"THE result of the State election depends upon your nomination of Mr. Curtin"—Andy Dill in a letter to the Democrats of this county.

Two hundred and fifty lives were lost in a Welsh colliery last Wednesday.

### Robert Valentine for Congress.

For the last two weeks the feeling has been growing that the Republicans of this district must present one of their strongest representative men as a candidate for the important office of Congressman. The friends of Mr. Valentine urge upon the consideration of the party in this district the claims of their candidate. While not a politician, yet he is peculiarly qualified to represent this district in the Congress of the nation. A man of undoubted ability, sterling integrity and a descendant of one of the oldest and most enterprising families of this section of the State, largely engaged in the management of iron, a producer in the broadest sense of the term, he would be, truly, a representative man. Such a candidate can not fail to meet with a cordial support from all classes, and in the present unsettled condition of political affairs, his election would by no means be doubtful. We therefore add our endorsement, and hope that the convention, to meet on the 26th, and also the district conference will nominate Robert Valentine as the Republican candidate for Congress from this district.

### A Little Clash.

Chairman Whaley of the Democratic and Caldwell of the Greenback county committees, of Clinton, both made arrangements to occupy the Court House at Lock Haven last Monday night week. The Greenbackers secured it from the county commissioners, but the janitor, who also had power to rent it, gave it to the Democrats. Each party swore by all that was good and bad that they would have the Court House. As if to end matters at once, the Democratic commissioners ordered the janitor to open it to none but Democrats, while the Republican member of the board appeared in a card, stating that one of the Democrats who issued the above manifesto had united with him in granting permission to the Greenbackers.

Immediately after the adjournment of Court Monday evening, the Greenback men organized their meeting by electing C. E. Lyman President. Lyman spoke and read Greenbackism for more than two hours, when he was relieved. They held the fort until Frank Hughes arrived, when he delivered his usual address to a very small audience.

As a natural consequence, Chairman Whaley found himself and lieutenants shut out when they sought to sojourn for a while in the temple of justice and recuperate their weary frames upon the easy chairs that usually give comfort and dignity to wearers of the ermine. Though chagrined at defeat, the "unterrified" were not dismayed, but organized a rousing meeting in the city Park (?) directly in front of the Court House, when they gave vent to their views on National and State affairs. Paul S. Merrill, Esq., one of Hon. L. A. Mackey's Congressional conferees, was elected Chairman, when corporation Legislator Dill, Ex-Governor Curtin and Coffee Pot Wallace followed with stirring speeches.

THE Harrisburg *Telegraph* propounds a question or two for the consideration of the supporters of the Democratic candidate for Governor: Did A. H. Dill ever bring forward a measure in the Senate that was not in the interest of corporations or of extreme Democratic politics? Was not the last speech of A. H. Dill in the Senate against granting a one-armed soldier, crippled while in the military service of the State, a pension?

THE New York *Tribune* asks: "If Gen. Hancock looms up as a Presidential candidate, what becomes of the chances of those other Pennsylvania aspirants, Randall and Wallace?"

ANDY DILL's mean trickery will not add strength to the canvass.

### Wake Up!

The result in Maine shows distinctly what we have before us, says the *Pittsburgh Commercial*. It proves that the Republican party must stand firmly together, and put forth its best energies, if it would attain a majority in Congress, or hold the State Legislatures. In this State, our prospects are good, but they are not such as to admit of idleness or feebleness. We cannot afford to have divisions, or contentions, or supineness. The issue at stake, in other days, would move the party to its best efforts. The policy of the Democratic party was never more transparent than now. It is, by any and all means, to hold Congress. It has the Senate, when the 4th of March arrives, and its struggle is to hold the House. To reach this, it coquets with the Greenbackers, coolly ignoring its old record of hostility to the legal-tenders. Consistency, honor and right, are thrown to the winds, in its struggle for power. And power with it, means plunder and revenge. It is now clearly known to Northern Democrats what they must concede to their Southern allies, to secure their co-operation in the schemes that may be concocted. The South wants its war claims paid, and the shame of defeat effaced. It has bills, which Congress alone need act on, to the amount of \$200,000,000 now pending. It has others to be brought forward. It wants the South restored to prosperity at the expense of the nation. The Northern Democrats want free trade. They realize that the tariff, with its benefits to industry, has been in the way of their success. They propose to brush it aside. This will be the act of revenge of Northern Democrats. And we do not doubt that the Southern Democrats would readily issue greenbacks for the bonded debt. That debt represents their defeat. Is it likely that they will be anxious to pay interest on bonds which represent a debt contracted in suppressing their rebellion? And the greenbacks issued, we will have repudiation pushed so far that the next step will cost little trouble. Such is our present situation. Our safety consists in electing such Representatives to Congress as will at least oppose these revolutionary ideas. If, in this crisis of temptation, growing out of the times, we let go our hold, it is impossible that we should regain what we have lost. For once possessed of power, the most unscrupulous means will be employed to retain it. We are not heralding an imaginary danger.

POLITICS are frightfully mixed in Wayne county. Two weeks ago the Citizens' Anti-Court House party and the National Greenback-Labor party assembled respectively in convention, and each nominated a ticket. Last week the Republicans held their convention, and picking out the Republican candidates on the Citizens' ticket endorsed them. The Democrats then met and picking out the Democratic candidates on the Greenback ticket endorsed them.

THE German Government recently sent a circular to the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin asking them to take a common step with the view of bringing the Porte to execute the stipulations of the treaty. Austria, France and Russia replied affirmatively. Italy and England have not yet answered, but will doubtless reply affirmatively soon.

WHEN Andy Dill, the Democratic candidate for Governor, resorts to the dirty work which he did in this county to secure Curtin's nomination, it looks as though something was "rotten in Denmark."

THE Democrats of this Congressional district swallow regular renegade Republicans as easy as an elephant would a mouse. First Mackey, now Curtin.

WE are of the opinion that Andy Curtin isn't as strong in Centre county as many thought he was. Dill's letters only saved him.

ANDY DILL exhibited all the meanness of a pot-house politician in the late Democratic delegate election.

### Newspaper Jottings.

—Oswego, N. Y., has a new daily paper—the *Morning Herald*.

—The *Hartford National* is a new greenback organ of small size.

—The *Boston Transcript* recently entered upon its forty-ninth year.

—Charles Austin Lord, for many years editor of the *Christian Mirror*, is dead.

—The St. John, N. B., *Torch* has gone out. It was *Torch*-ered to death for want of sufficient oil.

—A recent sale of New York *Sun* stock, shares sold for 160 per cent. above par.

—Louis C. Koppel, publisher and proprietor of the *Reformer and Jewish Times*, is dead.

—James A. Terry, a well-known newspaper man of Brooklyn, recently died of consumption.

—The Keokuk, Iowa, *Constitution* is coming to the front as one of the most witty papers of the day.

—F. B. Wilkie, one of the editors of the *Chicago Times*, has recently returned from a visit to Europe.

—There is a paper in Toronto called the *Grip*. We doubt very much whether it can successfully *Grip* with *Hard Times*.

—The New York *Daily Record* is dead "for want of money." Money is to a newspaper what breath is to a man.

—The proprietor of the *Indianapolis Journal* has been compelled to make an assignment. The paper will not be affected.

—Mr. Lukens, of the New York *News*, is preparing a volume of newspaper wit from the columns of the great American funny men.

—The initial number of the *Greenback Courier* was recently issued at Providence, R. I. The outside pages are printed in green ink.

—Missouri has a new paper, issued at St. Joseph, called the *Evening Telephone*. The *Morning Phonograph* has not yet made its appearance.

—The editor of the Brooklyn *Monthly* is a successful wrestler. He says: "We tripped up the Hudson the other day."

—Forbes, the famous correspondent of the London *Daily News*, has been compelled to leave Cyprus on account of the effect of the climate.

—The *Spiritual Scientist* is dead, with liabilities amounting to \$4,747 and assets of \$473. Spiritual things are always transient, and that is what ailed the *Scientist*.

—Samuel R. Crocker, late proprietor and editor of the *Literary World*, of Boston, died on the 22nd ult., in the insane asylum at South Boston, aged 42.

—Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, has gone to Europe, leaving his native land to resist the blandishments of ice water as best it can.

—The London *Times*' Paris correspondent, M. DeBlowitz, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. The *Times* is fortunate in having such a man to Blowitz horn.

—A Kansas newspaper man is missing, and a brother in the profession—probably a recent graduate from college—promulgates the wild theory that he was murdered for his money.

—A rural editor in North Carolina philosophizes thus: "The man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it will pasture a goat on his grandfather's grave."

—A struggle between labor and capital in the composing rooms of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* resulted in the substitution of non union men at thirty cents a thousand for union men at forty cents.

—Panama editors occasionally get a vacation, as would appear from the apology which the editor of the *Panama Star* makes for the non-appearance of his paper, saying that he had quit work to dig shot out of his leg.

—Eight masked robbers stopped a railroad train in the West the other day. As the train contained an excursion party of editors, the only loss was a loss of the time to the robbers. We did not learn whether it was the train that carried the Kentucky excursionists or not.



## Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

## Poetry.

## MY MOTHER.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. JOSEPH BAKER.

What heights thou hast attained to, since an unseen hand  
Loomed thy frail moorings in this dim and shadowy land!

The years have come and gone with noiseless tread,  
And brought the Summer's wealth of bud and bloom,  
And balmy airs—of sunshine and of song;  
The shows of Winter, and the promise made  
In early Spring, of Autumn's fruitage. On  
And on the golden sands of time have flowed,  
While we gave only passing heed thereto;  
We felt secure, our little household band  
Was still unbroken. Death, the ruthless foe,  
The terrible, had not yet added home,  
As yet, and dashed its glowing hopes and joys,  
Nor quenched the fervor of its altar fire.  
At length he startled us by the approach  
Of his grim presence, we had not observed  
His cruel and insidious advance.  
Our eyes were looking toward the kindling dawn  
Of the near future, whose blue sky was girt  
With the bright bow of promise.

And he bore—  
Death bore away, upon his icy pall,  
Our gentle mother, stay thy surging grief,  
My heart, and the mute anguish of thy thoughts,  
And bow thee, that the wrathful billows pass  
Well over thee. Death! is it?—Mother dead!  
The tender guardian of our infant years,  
And, later, the mature companion, friend  
And counselor,—whose earthly ministry,  
Diffusive of a happy influence,  
Exhaled an incense that ascended to Heaven;  
In whom all virtues and all goodness met  
And blended in one gracious whole. Oh, hard,  
Hard is the effort to accept the truth,  
It seems so like a troubled dream of night  
Whose spell, unbroken, haunts the waking hours.

How we recall, and yet again recount  
Each incident in which she made a part,  
With feelings wrung from hearts surcharged  
With grief—  
The nameless way in which the mystic wealth  
Of mother-love found fit expression; think  
And live the dead past over; trace the time  
When last to church, or call, or visit made,  
The last lovestoken, and what last she wrought,  
Sitting in her low chair or window seat;  
When last she took her long accustomed place  
At table, late so strangely quiet grown;  
When she went out this door or in that room,  
Mounted the stairs whence we were carried down  
For the last time; and we, we knew it not,  
Nor knew that sorrow, with her face unveiled,  
Without, in waiting, on the threshold stood,  
Whose breath dimmed our fine gold, whose eyes  
Drop tears.

For pearls, and whatsoever things are rare  
She lights, and the most lovely things and fair,  
Green fields for others under warm-baked skies,  
And tremulous and gushing symphonies  
Borne upon wings through Summer's radiant air.

The thrilling raptures that the season brings  
In all its glorious train; how are they palped  
That once breathed whisperings of a prophecy,  
Roses to ashes! and the wine of joy  
Already poised to quaff the subtle sweets  
Into a draught of bitterness is turned  
By her skilled alchemy.

Oh, passing fair  
Were form and chiseled feature of our dead,  
And statuette in their last, deep repose.  
The shapely hands in waxy beauty lay  
Upon the pulseless breast; hands that in life  
Were used to give and bless, and weaned not  
Of toiling in love's service.

Haste the time  
When the dull mist of tears shall be dissolved,  
And brooding, black-winged clouds be rolled  
Away  
Before the flood-tide of eternal day;  
When severed hearts are joined, and earthly ties  
Renewed that death has rudely riven here.  
The distance that divides the heavenly land  
From ours, is ever lessening, and the way  
Ruined by the lengthening shadows, is to us  
A welcome passage, and our willing feet  
Stay not—the summit is already passed,  
And the descent is all that yet remains  
Of this brief pilgrim's Faith, a few steps  
The morning splendors of eternity  
Burst on her wondering vision, wave on wave—  
The treasures there—faces in memory,  
And glories unrevoked to mortal sight—  
And hears the echoes from those happy heights  
Whose brightness is not of the sun or stars,  
For the Lord is Himself the light thereof.

With patient longing we await the day,  
O loved and lost, when thou art found of thine,  
Grief swallowed up of joy and earth of Heaven,  
And we are face to face in very truth,  
With its walls of pearl and precious stones,  
And oh! to be forever with the LORD.  
—From the Living Epistle.

## Our Story Teller.

## Debbie's Dower.

"So you are determined on having your own willful way about it, Debbie?" said John Fayre, as he stood by the great kitchen table at which his niece was busy, and looked down at her with extreme displeasure.

Debbie's plump little hands fluttered nervously over the great blooming peaches she was packing in their dainty baskets for the city market, and her scarlet lip quivered a little; but her golden brown eyes were very steadfast as she raised them to the sarcastic face of her uncle.

"If you put it that way, Uncle John," she said, "I am quite determined. I have promised to marry him."

"Very well," said John Fayre, in his cold voice; "I have nothing more to say," and was silent, watching her in a kind of icy anger, as she busied herself about his business.

A cool air played through the great, old fashioned kitchen, with its heavy rafters, black and polished with time and cleanliness, and its oaken floor scoured with golden sand. A low browed casement, with diamond shaped panes, stood open, and was wreathed with the great vine that wanted over the old grey stone wall of the farmhouse, and gave glimpses of great bunches of grapes, like deep-hued amethysts, lurking amid its emerald banners.

A huge table, white as a slab of marble, and bathed in the dancing sunlight quivering through the vine, stood by the window, and on it great stacks of blooming peaches, golden as luscious plums, vast apples like enchanted emeralds, with streaks of vivid rose flushing through them, gleaming masses of glittering honeycomb, and great cool leaves plucked from the vine outside, their dewy green deepening into suggestions of fire and gold to lay between the fruits in packing.

John Fayre's orchards extended their fragrant alleys over many an acre, sloping across the bosom of a hill, that, like some enchanted mound, was bathed all day long in a full tide of golden light; and John Fayre was a rich man; for, as Aladdin plucked gems from the boughs in the garden of the Genii, he gathered riches, admittedly by the aid of

Debbie, from his fruit trees. Whose brown, dimpled fingers stored the mellow fruits so daintily for market that his wagon was a delight to the eye, but Debbie's? Who watched the young trees, and brought a quick wit to his aid in his management of them? and who made his butter and cheese proverbial amongst buyers? Why, who but Debbie?

And now, because Debbie did not choose to be happy in his way, and wed his old crony, Squire Jogram, but must needs promises herself to a poor young fellow, with a bare hundred acres of worn out land, and no stock to speak of, he was nursing a wrathful flame in his bosom that gave a little scorch to every person who came near him in those bright days of early Fall, and was full of cruel heat to poor Debbie.

"I couldn't have been more vexed if it had been Allie!" he thought, leaning against the wall, and thinking how pretty Debbie looked in her gay chintz—a brown little beauty, with wavy, bronze hair, pellucid brown cheeks, flushed with scarlet; large, brown eyes, sweetly bright; soft, red lips and quivering dimples flickering around them.

Something wrong his bosom as the name of his only child, his sweet Allie, flitted through his mind. Well, she would never live to cross his will as Debbie was doing—at least so the doctors said; and it was but poor comfort John Fayre found in the thought.

He looked at Debbie, and, for the first time the soul of the man darkened under the gloom of an envy blacker than Egyptian darkness, more bitter than the waters of Marah in the wilderness. The very light of purest health, and, despite his displeasure, happiness radiated about the girl while his Allie, the best beloved of his soul, was fading, as some bright spirit might fade and vanish in "the radiance of glory."

The first snow of the year would fling its pearly drifts across her grave, and "his house would be left unto him desolate;" for wife, or other child than her, he had none.

There were the grim shadows of coming change, even in the room with him; for her familiar presence, sharing Debbie's fragrant task, no longer brightened the old kitchen; her feeble step seldom strayed there now.

And so, presently, he drove slowly away down the old road, overarched with maples that make a shaking canopy of fire and gold above his head, and out into the vapor fall sunlight; contrasting the two girls as he went and opening his heart wide to the scorpion of envy, which lashed a heart formed for nobler guests, even as he nourished it.

He drove past his stretches of rich pasture land, the shady alleys of his great orchards, and looked on all with bitterness. Allie's they were never to be; and Debbie, if she married Charlie Tent, should have no dower from him—obstinate, ungrateful girl that she was! And in his present mood, he almost cursed her in his heart.

Debbie, left behind in the kitchen, flitted to and fro, with no idea of the feelings battling in John Fayre's breast to make her miserable, but her happy thoughts a little shaded by the knowledge that her promise to Charlie was not agreeable to him, and still a little further darkened as she thought of her darling cousin Allie; yet the undercurrent of brightness shone in her eyes, lighting, if not dispelling, the shadows.

Aunt Dora's voice came softly across the passage, as she read to Allie in the shady old dining room; but otherwise an ineffable quiet rested on the house. The bustle of harvest was fairly over, and Debbie had little to do after cleaning away the debris of flowers and fruits from the great kitchen table, but go to the spring house with a lordly dish of peas that were to cool their flaky crusts and mellow juices in that shady spot against dinner time.

She took down her coarse straw hat from a peg, when a sudden "geehoo!" and tramping of feet made themselves audible outside; and through the fluttering vine she saw a pair of oxen, with great, soft eyes, and skins like creamy satin, yoked to a rough hay rack; and a vignette of a tall, bronzed young man, with resolute black eyes and crisp dark hair; and a toilet that spoke loudly of the need of feminine hands in his home, looking in at her through the frame of vine leaves that shook like tiny banners of emerald, fire and gold, as he laid his muscular hand on the window sill.

"Oh, Charlie!" cried Debbie, "is that you? Come in."

"I can't," said Charlie. "Come out to me, Debbie, I want to speak with you."

So Debbie tripped out to him, the oxen turning their great eyes on her meditatively, as she patted their fat sides in passing.

"Debbie," said Charlie, who looked like a handsome statue of bronze in the rosy light, "don't touch me, or I shan't be able to say what I came on purpose to tell you."

She put out both her hands to him in her innocent gladness; but she drew back, startled by his words and air as he spoke.

"What is wrong, dear?" she said timidly; and she trembled a little, for there was a woeful look in Charlie's resolute face that she had never seen there before.

Charlie Tent smiled bitterly.

"Debbie," he said, "I have come to give you back all the sweet promises you ever gave me. My dear, I can never hope to make you a wife of mine. For the second time your uncle has brought the very anguish of desolation on our roof."

and drew closer to him with a shudder.

"I will not take my promise back," she said, resolutely.

"I know what he has said, Charlie. You shall not leave me as poor Tom did my sweet Allie. Whatever hardships and trouble may darken your life, I claim my right to share it. Oh, the joy to feel that Uncle John has not the right to separate us as he did your brother and Allie! And oh, darling, to think that what has come and gone has not softened him!"

"Curse him!" said young Trent, with a look on his dark face that was not good to see; but it slowly faded, as he glanced into Debbie's great, loving brown eyes, raised so tenderly to his. His face was young, but the visage of a man who had worn away his youth in bitter, unrequited toil—a half-frenzied wrestling with the earth for bread, that, when eaten, was bitter, because partaken of in loneliness and despair.

Debbie's eyes filled with tears as she studied his face, and slipped her hand into his.

"You would be so lonely without me," she said, softly.

He clasped her suddenly in his arms, lifting her, and straining her to his breast.

"My only love!" he said. "The only brightness of my life!"

He was suddenly released her, and drew back, folding his arms across his broad chest.

"Debbie," he said, "your uncle has bought up the mortgage of my land, and has fore-closed. I have not a rod of land or a dollar in the world, this moment."

"Has he done this thing?" said Debbie, breathlessly, her dilated eyes full of indignation.

"Yes; he told me so not ten minutes since; and he had the effrontery to say he did so to prevent you from marrying into certain misery. Debbie, as I listened to him, and thought of Tom and Allie, and the work of ruin he was just fresh from, I longed to strike him dead where he stood. 'Do you think you have secured Allie's happiness?' I said to him, instead. Ah! I almost laughed to see him shudder, as he lashed his horse past me. I stung him then!"

"And you have no home now?" said Debbie, biting her quivering lip to steady her voice. She had not looked for this new blow.

"None," said Charlie Tent; "so, Debbie, I must leave you. The world is wide, and my will is strong to tear some prize from fortune yet. I may find my grave under the Indian seas, as Tom has done, or, perhaps—no, I won't anticipate success," he said, bitterly; "it seems as though my life were utterly accursed!"

"And I?" said Debbie.

"You will, in time, forget me," he said, bitterly.

She looked at him silently, and his injustice smote him instantly.

"Forgive me," he said gently. "The torment of my grief spoke; not my heart, love."

A sudden light stole into her pretty face—She took his iron hand into her dimpled hands and looked at it, and from it to his haughty, resolute face.

"You will conquer," she said and I will wait—wait and hope."

A ray of inner light brightened Tent's dark face.

"I am content," he said. "I look to the future with something new born in my breast of your sweet words that is almost hope."

The shadow of the old house lengthened out broad and cool before they parted, and Charlie guided the oxen, his no longer, to the gate of the rich man who had robbed him of all but the fair jewels of love and honor; while Debbie watched him, in mingling tears of hope and sorrow, her heart quailing as she looked to the misty future—that future whose impenetrable veil is ever spanned, to the vision of youth, by the great and radiant rainbow arch of hope.

Such a thanksgiving-day—or, rather, night! Every one said nothing had been like it for half a century. The drifts lay piled against the fences. The bare boughs rattled in the roaring wind like the "Iron Forest" of Longfellow. The moon flew through vast masses of pale clouds of a silky dun color, that showered down occasional flurries of fine snow, stinging as it dashed into the faces of the few wayfarers.

Through the simoons of snow whirled up by the wind, and flying through the country like ghastly pillars of spectral smoke, household fires shown rudely, sending ruby pathways far out into the night. It was a night for the rich to rejoice, for the poor to mourn and lament as they croaked in cellar and garret beneath the lash of relentless frost and the chill embrace of quant famine.

"You will go, after all," said the innkeeper of the "Corners Tavern," and the man he spoke to laughed in his face.

He was a stout, bronzed, handsome man, with heavy beard and mustache of curling jet, glittering white teeth, and flashing eyes of great sweetness and power of expression.

"Go!" he exclaimed. "What should keep me? Why, man, if it were raining thunderbolts, I'd out in them rather than linger on my way to-night."

He seemed impatient even of the idea, and, standing in the gloomy bar-room, buttoned his great coat resolutely across his chest, and drew his fur gauntlets on, watched by the hotel keeper, and a loose-jointed fellow with a huge frame, and a small, mean face, who was sitting by the roaring stove, smoking.

"Well, if you are set on it," said

the host, "I've got no call to prevent you, only I don't nowadays like the idea of riskin' fire in them tartan drifts; she's a real smart critter, and worth a sight of money."

"Pshaw!" said the dark eyed stranger, laughing. "Dick Tate, you're as near as ever! Why, I'll pay you twice her value if anything happens to her. Come, get her round!"

The man's good-humored face expressed considerable astonishment. "Appears to me I ought to know you," he said, surveying his guest attentively. "Sakes! but you do favor poor Tom Tent that was drowned at sea last year."

"Do I?" said the stranger, carelessly. "Ah! what do you say, friend?"

This to the man at the stove, who had risen, and was mumbling something close by his side.

"I was saying that you might as well give a poor chap a ride as far as you're goin'," said the other, twisting his slouching shoulders, and looking through the frosty pane at the wild scene without. "I've a long tramp before me, and I had the agree powerful bad in the fall. It's left me kind of shaky like."

"All right," said the stranger, cheerfully. "Come along; welcome. What a thanksgiving night it is!"

He stood looking out at the hurrying tempest, silently, while Mr. Tate went to send round the cutter and mare—the fast trotting darling of his heart.

Alternate blackness and light fell across the dreary landscape, as heavy clouds swept over the melancholy moon, and the countenance of the stranger varied in sympathy with the changes without.

"Strange!" he muttered, "but all this day my heart has beaten with hope until I felt intoxicated with joy, only to be plunged the next moment into a blackness of terrible anticipation of some evil, vague, but vast, and close upon me. I wonder if this night, looked forward to for five such weary years, is really to be the great Thanksgiving of my life." He fell into a fit of musing, from which he was roused by a crash in the room behind him. He turned with a start, and saw his proposed companion de voyage stuffing more wood into the stove, the red glow from the opened door of which illumined his face more strongly than the glimmering lamp had done.

"What a villainous countenance!" thought the stranger. "He has a brow like a bison; and those sparkling eyes, like spots of fire, flaming from under the tangled mass of red hair, don't improve him. What a devilish glow the red reflection of the fire throws over him! and what thews and sinews the fellow has! He must have the strength of a Samson!"

Suddenly, conscious of his observation, the man looked up and met his eyes.

"There's nothing like a good warm before a start on such a night," he said. "I wonder where the poker is?"

"It was there a while ago," said Tate, who had just entered, carrying a great, luxurious buffalo robe.

"It ain't no odds; I guess there's a good smart fire on now."

He seemed to enjoy it, holding his mighty hands over the stove, and crouching close to it, as though the frost was nipping his very heart.

"You'd best have something hot afore you start," said Tate, suggestively glancing at the array of bottles behind the dingy bar.

"Very well—two tumblers of spiced wine and water," said the dark-eyed man, with a quick, compassionate glance at the gaunt, ill-clad form by the stove.

The wine was brought, swallowed eagerly by the shivering creature, and more leisurely by the other, who plaid for both out of a black wallet, plethoric with bills and gold coins, which he thrust into his vest pocket with the careless air of one of those men upon whom money is ever flowing in a Pactolus stream.

The landlord came out on the little gray stoop to see them off, and held fire while the two men jumped into the cutter. A whirl of drifting snow surrounded them, and fire snorted and winced as the sword-like frost struck her satin hide.

The white country road was almost obliterated by piled up drifts, and patches of pine forest showed through the mad eddies like ebony patches on the dazzling white of the spectral landscape. A few lights gleamed—household stars—in the distance, but it was a weird and solitary scene.

"Take care of yourself!" roared Tate, as firely plunged through the drift about the doorway, and the stranger looked back with a smile.

"All right!" he cried. "I'll send firely safe back in the morning."

It was not of his pet mare that the good-hearted inn-keeper was thinking, however, as he returned to the bar.

"I don't like the looks of that loafing critter that took such a sudden notion to go on such a night as this, after loafing around here for nigh a week! A good-hearted chap, that other one, and free with his dimes. Sakes! but he's as like poor Tom Tent as two peas!"

A little figure, battling with the treacherous drifts, opposing strength that seemed more than human to the howling wind and tempest, which had grown fiercer as the night advanced; a little form to be abroad under that wild sky in the desolate night-watches, alone, but for a huge dog of the colic specie, which panted through the drifts at her side, snapping at the great flakes that fell, and occasionally uttering a low bark of inquiry or encouragement as he looked up into the face of his companion.

"Colie, good fellow," she said, patting his huge yellow head, "we'll soon be at Charlie's now, won't we?"

The dog recognized the name by a short bark and leap, plunging into a drift, out of which he scrambled, covered with snow, and frisked about after that unwieldy fashion peculiar to dogdom.

She paused for a moment to rest, and strained her eyes through the drifting snow, anxiously.

"I ought to be near the turn now," she said, "if blinded and confused by this whirling storm, I have not passed it. Great mercy! what shall I do if I have lost my way in this bitter cold? Hark! What was that?"

A shout for help so near that she started with terror; and Colie uttered a furious bark, and flung himself forward like a stone from a catapult.

"Colie, Colie!" cried the girl, alarmed at his dissonance; but as the cry for help rang out again, she labored on a few paces, her heart throbbing with terror. She could not see the length of her arm before her, and ere she had a second for consideration, she found herself the witness of a terrible scene.

Two men, hand-to-hand, were struggling in a deadly conflict beside an overturned cutter, half buried in a vast drift. The horse had broken the traces, and was wildly plunging to regain secure footing, snorting and gasping with terror. They were both powerful men, but one loomed up in the shadowy light like a gaunt giant, and with a glance the girl saw which way the conflict would terminate.

The giant, for such he looked, was armed with a stout, short iron bar, which he was endeavoring to swing in order to bring it crushing on the head of his enemy, who, though a powerful man, was but as a child in the grasp of the other, whose demonic face appeared to the girl unearthly and unutterably horrible, in the ghastly light.

"At him, Colie!" she screamed, obeying a resistless impulse; and Colie flew at the bare, knotted throat like a thunderbolt.

He staggered under the shock, and releasing his victim, turned to battle off the dog; but with the tenacity of death itself, Colie clung to him, tearing and lacerating his throat horribly, and bearing him to the ground.

Exhausted and horrified at the fearful spectacle, the girl moved forward a step, and fell in a dead faint at the feet of the stranger, whose life she had been, thanks to Colie, the means of saving.

He stooped over her, while the aggressor howled and writhed in the deadly grip of Colie's fangs. The moon sailed for an instant through a rift in the hurrying clouds, and poured its light on her quiet face, as white as the snow on which she lay. "Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "Debbie Fayre! Alone, and on such a night? What can it mean?"

The dying girl opened her eyes, radiant as stars, and turned them on her father and her aged aunt, who were watching by her couch.

"Is she come yet?" she said, quickly. "I am dying."

"She will be here soon, I trust, my darling," said John Fayre, bending over her until his grizzled locks touched the golden billows of hair that floated over Allie's pillow; "but don't speak of dying; I can't bear it."

"Oh, yes!" said Allie, smiling, and turning her scarlet cheek until it rested on his rough hand, "you can, dear father; it is such a little thing after all. Why, I feel to-night, for the first time, the real meaning of Thanksgiving. Oh, why did Debbie venture out in such a storm?"

The wind literally roared against the house, and the angelic face of the girl quivered with pain, as she thought of her cousin out at such a time.

"I wish I could have gone myself for the doctor," said Fayre, anxiously; "but that was impossible!" with a glance at his bandaged foot, which had been crushed beneath a wagon wheel a day or two before.

There was a pause, and Allie suddenly raised herself on her pillow, and turned her dilated eyes on her father.

"She is coming," she said, "and there is a footstep with her; I know!"

"It's the doctor, love," said Fayre, gently, but paling grayly as he watched his daughter's face.

It was an awful thing to him to watch it brightening in the reflection of that celestial glory which shines across the awful chasm on the departing saint.

She lay back on her pillow, listening, with her brilliant eyes fixed on the door, which opened slowly, and disclosed Debbie standing on the threshold, with a ghostly face, and garments white with snow. A dark shadow at her shoulder in the passage beyond, on which the eyes of the dying girl rested.

"Let him come to me!" she cried, in a voice that rang through the pretty white chamber. "Father, you will not prevent it now! Tom Tent is not dead, but alive!"

Tom Tent came past Debbie, and stopped at the foot of the little bed, but it was at John Fayre's face he looked—looked with his soul in his dark eyes, and interpreting the birth of the life-long anguish in them, John Fayre dropped his face on the golden masses of his daughter's hair and spoke no word.

Tom came to the pillow, and looked at the dying girl, who stretched out her arms smiling.

"Thanksgiving night, my beloved," she said; "the last and best of my life!"

He looked at her for a moment, and then he flung himself on his

knees beside her, and took her hands in his. They were cold and clammy with the dew of death; and, maddened by the anguish of the instant, he sprang up and turned on John Fayre.

"So," he said, "is this what you banished me to toil for gold for, John Fayre? What to you now are your hoarded riches, or to her and me the wealth I wrung from the earth for her? Oh, slavish fool! to your god Mammon you have sacrificed her sweet life and my happiness."

John Fayre answered or moved not. The heart that could not soften had broken, and was dead!

Allie's eyes had closed, but when they cried out the dreadful truth, she looked up and moved her face until it rested against the gray head lying at rest beside her.

"Poor father!" she said, softly; and then more faintly yet, "kiss me, Tom, my own, and my good, darling Debbie."

And so, as the Thanksgiving day faded into another, Debbie came into her dower as heir-at-law to the wide lands of John Fayre and Allie, his daughter. Before another Thanksgiving had come, she had wedded Charlie Tent; but Tom was a wanderer on the face of the earth, having settled most of his wealth on Debbie, in grateful remembrance of her rescue of him that mournful night from the grasp of the robber; and John Fayre's name ceased out of the land.

## All Sorts.

Mr. B. Threewats resides at Columbus, Ga.

The hearts of free lovers have folding doors.

Coffee is successfully cultivated in San Diego, Cal.

Richford, Vt., has had frost every month except July.

Thin ice formed at Deep River, Conn., last Saturday.

\$18 will buy a pair of new, long, white silk lace mits.

Paris bonnets are conspicuous for the absence of feathers.

Young rats, the size of pears, make good bait to catch bass.

A sanguine merchant says, "hard times are now behind us."

A Detroit druggist has invented a popular flavor for cigars.

The coming blue, says a fashion writer, is in peacock shades.

A stove that cooks by solar heat is one of the Paris oddities.

Cape May claims to have the blondest blond of the season.

There is quite a good trade in diamonds at Virginia City, Nev.

Along James river, Va., the number of rail birds passes relief.

A new green, for winter fabrics, is so dark that it looks black.

A novelty for feminine apparel is velvet shot with tinsel threads.

No man with a cold in his head can be an angel. This is official.

Ice cream made mainly by buttermilk is an Alabama achievement.

Newton, Ga., farmers are eating "pone" made of this year's corn.

A little Graham flour added to the pumpkin enhances pumpkin pie.

Many rich San Franciscans have thief-proof safes in their homes.

Young ladies still wear white flannel bonnets on dress occasions.



### Despair in Memphis.

We are drinking the bitter cup of sorrow.

AVAILANCHE OFFICE. Midnight, Aug. 29, 1878.—We are doomed. It is hard, as we write in this dark, dismal night of death, not to realize the full meaning of that brief sentence. It is hard for any man of the few left in this city of sorrows not to take the sentence to himself with a painful personal application as the sentence of death. Scarcely any are left but those who are crowding down personal care in the noble purpose of other's good. To them death, consolation that it is brought by as noble a service as the God of Heaven, as the man on earth ever looked upon. To die for a man is to imitate the grandest event in the history of our globe; it is to imitate the death of the Saviour of the world. The rain falls slowly, the storm of the afternoon having sunk into a dismal, solemnly sad drizzle, as though the heavens themselves were touched to tears at the sight of so much human misery. The rattle of an occasional vehicle along the silent street tells that the member of some benevolent society is hastening to minister to the sick or dying. That is all. Else is silence, deathly and awful, with naught but the rattle of water from the roof into the gutter, and that has the ominous gurgle of a death-rattle in the human throat.

Seventy dead and at least one hundred and twenty-five new cases. God help us!

If hope were not worn to a skeleton; if she had not taken herself to prayer we might find a spark to kindle a weak glow of light in this impenetrable darkness, and expect that the heavy shower of to-day would wash from air, from gutter and from bayou a part of the foul pestilential air which is breeding death.

The horrors of the hour cannot be told, even if the heart did not sicken at the task. They are horrors such as make a hell on earth; such as make a life almost a burden. Elsewhere it will be seen that a noble band of physicians have come to our aid. We need them all, and more, and when we think into what a tornado of death they throw their frail bodies, we cannot but be amazed that strangers should dare so much for strangers. Their reward is found in a higher sphere than that in which our full hearts beat in gratitude.

The Howards need men to supply the places of their sick. Their inability to visit all the sickened yesterday caused much distress, if not deaths. The ranks of the clergy, as brave a company of Christian soldiers as ever faced martyrdom without fear, have been invaded.

But why write more? Why try to add words when the dark list below speaks so plainly of our unprecedented calamity? Where it will end God only knows.

### TRUE AND BRAVE WOMEN.

There are women of pluck and unsurpassable devotion, in Memphis, who are daring everything for those they love. The faithless are of the other sex, of those whom the world in one of its greatest misnomers has dubbed the "stronger sex." While John Donavin forsakes his wife and leaves his children to die in stranger's hands; while a son flies to Arkansas Springs and leaves his mother and two brothers to be borne by other hands to the grave, in contrast shines out the faithfulness of woman, as a devoted mother, as patient, attentive wife, as life-risking daughter, sister, friend. By the bedside of the burning body, inhaling the poison of the sick room, foul with that odor which tells the nature of the dreadful disease, performing service which none other will do, wearing a smile while the heart is breaking, and lifting up the head when in the last agony, her person is befouled by that most repulsive and horrible of all substance—black vomit—she sits and watches and nurses and cares for her loved one till he lives again or passes beyond her aid. The penalty of her service of love is generally death.

Instances come to the writer's mind faster than he can record them—instances which are but a few of the many which have become like a part of heaven in so much of earth's hell.

A citizen's relief committee man walked into an humble cottage in the southern portion of the city. There he found two children ill; one weak and listless, but evidently convalescent; the other tossing in burning fever. A little woman in black sat between the two, and was in the act of kissing the brow of the little fevered one.

"Can't I send you a nurse, madam?" asked the visitor.

"No, sir (the pale little woman smiled). I have brought one child through and I shall bring the other."

"But you are worn out."

"Oh, no, sir. A kind Italian woman near by comes in and helps me sometimes." She would not yield; no other hand but hers could minister to her little ones.

An old grandmother told the Rev. Mr. Parsons not only of having nursed her grandson to his death, but in want of some one else to do it had prepared him for the grave.

A child was stricken with fever on Alabama street. "Go," said the mother to the father, "I shall never leave the boy, but you must not be endangered." The coward complied, and saw from over the way a short coffin borne out of his home. The mother is paying the price of her devotion, and by to-morrow will herself pass to her last home in the city.

A sick man's lady friend wrote: "Please let me come." And when his friends thought the die was cast they consented to his summoning her. Boldly she laid aside her hat,

pushed back her hair, and forcing a smile to her lips, entered the room. Some of his male friends stood outside on the door steps to inquire "how the old boy is getting along."

The keeper of a house of ill-fame on Gayoso street dared the loss of "business," dared the desertion of her palace by all but one of its inmates, to nurse faithfully to the end one who was to her a comparative stranger, but whom chance had brought plague-stricken to her door. These are a few of hundreds. Mothers have made their sons leave town, and then relieved apparently of all alarm, have sunk down to die. Wives absent have returned against the positive orders and wishes of their husbands, preferring to die with those they love rather than suffer the suspense away.

God in His mercy has sent these ministering angels to make us forget for a time the horrors of a wholesale death, and contemplate in them the glory and beauty of a better world.

—Memphis Avalanche.

Philip Calahan, who died in Bristol, Bucks county, Pa., at the age of 110 years, recently, is believed to be the oldest man in the country. He was born in Donegal, Ireland, in 1768, and came to this country in 1847. He settled in Bristol, and lived there until the time of his death.

RUSSIA'S new five per cent. loan only brought 83 cents on the dollar.

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### Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after June 2, 1878:

SUMMER. ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia..... 11 55 p.m.  
" " Harrisburg..... 4 25 a.m.  
" " Williamsport..... 8 35 a.m.  
" " Lock Haven..... 9 40 a.m.  
" " Renovo..... 10 55 a.m.  
arr at Erie..... 7 35 p.m.  
NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia..... 7 25 a.m.  
" " Harrisburg..... 10 50 a.m.  
" " Williamsport..... 2 20 p.m.  
" " Lock Haven..... 3 25 p.m.  
" " Philadelphia..... 4 40 p.m.

Passengers by this train arrive in  
Bellefonte at..... 4 35 p.m.  
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia..... 11 45 a.m.  
" " Harrisburg..... 3 30 p.m.  
" " Williamsport..... 7 30 p.m.  
" " Lock Haven..... 8 40 p.m.

EASTWARD.  
PACIFIC EXP. leaves Lock Haven..... 6 40 a.m.  
" " Williamsport..... 14 a.m.  
" " Harrisburg..... 11 55 a.m.  
" " Philadelphia..... 3 45 p.m.  
DAY EXP. leaves Renovo..... 10 55 a.m.  
" " Harrisburg..... 12 20 p.m.  
" " Williamsport..... 4 10 p.m.  
" " Philadelphia..... 5 35 p.m.

ERIE MAIL leaves Renovo..... 9 40 a.m.  
" " Williamsport..... 11 05 p.m.  
" " Harrisburg..... 7 00 a.m.  
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport..... 12 35 a.m.  
" " Harrisburg..... 3 58 a.m.  
" " Philadelphia..... 7 55 a.m.

ACCOM. leaves Renovo..... 10 40 a.m.  
Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accommodation West, and Day Express East, make close connections at Northumberland with L. & E. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Erie Express West, make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, make close connection at Lock Haven with E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. & E. R. R. at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R. at Emporium with H. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Drintwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Exp. West, Erie Exp. West, Philadelphia Express East and Day Express East, and Sunday Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Supt.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table December 31, 1877.

WESTWARD. Exp. Mail  
Leave Lock Haven..... 5 25 a.m.  
Flemington..... 5 29 a.m.  
Mill Hall..... 5 33 a.m.  
Boech Creek..... 5 46 a.m.  
Eagleville..... 5 50 a.m.  
Howard..... 6 00 a.m.  
Mount Eagle..... 6 08 a.m.  
Curtin..... 6 13 a.m.  
Milesburg..... 6 23 a.m.  
Bellefonte..... 6 33 a.m.  
Milesburg..... 6 43 a.m.  
Snow Shoe Ind..... 6 48 a.m.  
Unionville..... 6 58 a.m.  
Julian..... 7 09 a.m.  
Martha..... 7 18 a.m.  
Port Matilda..... 7 25 a.m.  
Hannah..... 7 34 a.m.  
Bald Eagle..... 7 48 a.m.  
Vail..... 7 53 a.m.  
East Tyrone..... 8 05 a.m.

EASTWARD. P.M. A.M.  
Leave Tyrone..... 7 08 a.m.  
East Tyrone..... 7 15 a.m.  
Vail..... 7 19 a.m.  
Bald Eagle..... 7 23 a.m.  
Hannah..... 7 36 a.m.  
Port Matilda..... 7 41 a.m.  
Martha..... 7 52 a.m.  
Julian..... 8 01 a.m.  
Unionville..... 8 11 a.m.  
Snow Shoe Ind..... 8 21 a.m.  
Milesburg..... 8 24 a.m.  
Bellefonte..... 8 32 a.m.  
Milesburg..... 8 45 a.m.  
Curtin..... 8 55 a.m.  
Mount Eagle..... 9 00 a.m.  
Howard..... 9 08 a.m.  
Eagleville..... 9 18 a.m.  
Boech Creek..... 9 22 a.m.  
Mill Hall..... 9 34 a.m.  
Flemington..... 9 37 a.m.  
Arrive at Lock Haven..... 9 42 a.m.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect on and after Dec. 31, 1877.  
Leaves Snow Shoe 7:30 a. m., arrives in Bellefonte 9:20 a. m.  
Leaves Bellefonte 10:20 a. m., arrives at Snow Shoe 11:57 a. m.  
Leaves Snow Shoe 2:42 p. m., arrives in Bellefonte 4:12 p. m.  
Leaves Bellefonte 4:55 p. m., arrives Snow Shoe 6:27 p. m.  
DANIEL RHOADS, General Supt.

### Miscellaneous.

### Auctioneer's Card.

PHILIP TEATS, who has had large experience



## Bellefonte Republican.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every Wednesday at Bellefonte, Centre county Pennsylvania, by

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, in advance.....\$2 00  
If not paid for within 6 months.....2 50  
If not paid for until expiration of year.....3 00  
No paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.  
Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion.  
Editorial notices in our columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.  
Marriage or death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices, ten lines in length, free; exceeding ten lines, five cents per line.  
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding five lines, this type, \$3.00 per annum.  
All advertisements for a less term than three months, twenty cents per line for the first three insertions, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

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| Half column.....         | 20 00   | 35 00   | 50 00    |
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Bellefonte, Pa.

## Republican State Ticket.

For Governor—GENERAL HENRY M. HOYT.  
For Supreme Judge—JAMES P. STREETER.  
For Lieut. Governor—CHAS. W. STONE.  
For Secretary of Internal Affairs—AARON V. DENKLE.

## Hoyt on Finance.

Professing to be an honest man, the candidate of an honest organization, I favor honest money.

The volume of the currency should be regulated by legitimate demand, and not by the requirements of bankrupts and wild speculators.

The currency should be redeemable as early as the exigencies of the Government will permit, in the currency recognized by all civilized nations.

The contracts of the Government should be held as sacred as the contracts of individuals, and the bonds, the evidence of its indebtedness, should be paid according to the understanding between the Government and the lender.

—Speech at Butler, Sept. 2, 1878.

## Republican Convention.

The Republicans of the various townships and boroughs in the county, will elect in the usual manner, three delegates from each township and borough, on Saturday, the 21st day of September, to meet in convention at Bellefonte, on Thursday, the 26th inst., for the purpose of placing in nomination two candidates for Assembly, two for Commissioners, one for County Treasurer, one for Prothonotary, one for Recorder, one for Register and Clerk of Orphans' Court, one for Sheriff, one for Coroner and two for County Auditor; and also to select Congressional, Senatorial and Judicial conferees. The county convention will be held in the Court House at two o'clock P. M.

Let the best men from each and every township be elected delegates to the convention, and as an earnest of our devotion to the great principles of reform and economy in public affairs, and equal rights to all which underlie our party. Let us place in nomination a ticket of which we can be proud, and one that will command the respect and confidence of every honest and thinking voter in the county.

JOHN G. LOVE,

Chairman County Committee.

STAND UP, ANDY! Mr. Friday Speer said, in his speech at McConnellsburg, in referring to the Senate's bill for postage: "The bill is \$25,350 for postage. This would pay the postage on 845,000 letters, which would be an average of about 3,366 letters to each member, and as the session continued 144 days (including adjournment) each member, to use his postage, would have to write daily 23½ letters."

"Now," says the Harrisburg Telegraph, "Mr. Dill's share of this postage is \$100, and that amount he drew from the Treasury. Did he write his 3,366 letters during the session of 144 days? Did he write 23½ letters daily? Stand up to the rack, Andy; your mentor has thrown down the gauntlet. Did you write these letters or are you using the postage stamps to-day in paying tolls on your private correspondence? Come, now, no shirking!"

## THE "UNTERRIFIED." Saturday's Family Fight and the Annual Picnic Yesterday.

Te-rump tump tump.  
Te-rump tump tump.  
Te-rump tump tump te tump  
Tump tump!

In a strain similar to the above did the little army of Democratic office-seekers marshal their hosts about the break of day last Saturday morning for a terrible onslaught. For months previous, but particularly the last week, had the fight been raging, and it was difficult to find the candidate that wasn't certain of being "the man." The old adage of the "office seeking the man" was totally disregarded, and every fellow went in with the avowed purpose of filling his own basket. Since the creation of Centre county no delegate election has been as spirited, and this one rivaled that of Clinton. The main issue was on

## THE CONGRESSIONAL CONTEST

between A. G. Curtin and P. Gray Meek. Many of Curtin's friends thought that he would, with Andy Dill's aid, sweep the county, while Meek's lieutenants were equally as confident of their leader's success. The fight on this point was bitter to the uttermost, and both sides now testify to dirty tricks having been resorted to to accomplish their ends. In Bellefonte and other places the true meaning and intent of a delegate election was not thought of, and men were voted without regard to "race, color, or previous condition." This rule applied to political complexion also, as the regular Democratic vote was increased in many districts fifty per cent. by voting Republicans, Greenbackers, &c.

Through the whole day did the skirmish continue, and when the polls closed there was a general desire to know the result. The Brockenhoff House appeared to be general headquarters—the vicinity being crowded with an anxious throng. The tide turned several times before twelve o'clock Saturday night; but Sunday morning things looked decidedly in favor of Curtin. Returns from over the mountain came in slowly and many parties started early Sunday morning to get something definite. The general impression seemed to be that Curtin was all right by a handsome majority, and by Sunday night matters had cooled down. When Monday morning came, Meek stood went up in the balance because of his having carried unlooked-for precincts. While his friends recognized his ability as a fast runner, they did not confidently hope of his success in the convention. By noon, on Monday, every place was heard from, though not definitely, when affairs presented the following phase: Curtin, 34; Meek, 33; Bush, 2. This left Mr. Bush almost entirely out of the race. His canvass shows, in the language of Sternberg, that "a man can't carry two waters on one shoulder."

The delegates from Philipsburg being the only ones uninstructed from the county, and the fight being such a close one, considerable interest centered in the way in which their votes would be cast. This was also the case as regards the delegates in the South Ward of Bellefonte, who were instructed for Bush. According to the Democratic Koran, after the man for whom they were instructed should be dropped, they could vote for whom they pleased. This being so, a squabble was in order to secure their suffrages. Yeager, one of the delegates, was conceded to Curtin, as it is alleged his bread and butter depended upon such a course. He is a saloon keeper, and unless he counted noses with Andy and his friends, Judge Orvis would refuse him license. Upon Bradley, therefore, rested considerable responsibility, as Curtin's nomination would be secured if he (Bradley, the 7 to 8 man), would, with Yeager, vote for him. Curtin's friends also claimed Casanova and Herlinger, the Philipsburg representatives, while many of Meek's men counted on both. It was necessary for Meek to have three more delegates, however, while Curtin could get along with two.

## CONVENTION DAY.

With the appearance of Old Sol yesterday morning, scheming politicians began to move around through the almost impenetrable fog that enveloped Bellefonte and vicinity. Many delegates arrived early, and caucusing immediately commenced. The seat of war was at Centre county bank, Curtin's headquarters, and at Reynolds' bank corner. Although the Congressional contest raged fiercely all forenoon, there were other schemes in progress worthy of

note. A combined opposition on Brett or Rumberger against Cal Harper, the ring candidate for Prothonotary, was effected, but many doubted as to its success. Harper's friends were energetic and persevering, and held his delegates up to the rock. At noon he appeared all right, and so went into the convention.

Another combination was made against the ring candidate for Treasurer. Just who this fellow was appeared to be in doubt, although Leathers, of Unionville, and Holt, of Snow Shoe, were the reputed champions at different times. The truth of the matter is that the fight was between the Centre county bank and Reynolds' bank. The latter institution was determined to shove through John Hoffer, of Bellefonte. The money kings on the opposite corner catered to the remaining candidates, and in this way they would finally settle on some one.

At noon the large crowd dispersed for dinner, after which the music again played, and every fellow danced until two o'clock, when the Court House bell pealed forth the funeral knell of ninety-nine candidates out of a hundred.

## THE CONVENTION.

Long before the town clock struck two the Court House was filled to overflowing with a motley throng. Everybody expected something lively, but aside from the contest for Prothonotary, Treasurer and Commissioners, it was a dull convention. The ring machine had been thoroughly oiled by Centre county bank grease, and everything went off smoothly.

Owing to the space occupied by Gov. Curtin's speech (which we print because it will be of good service to us) we cannot give a detailed account of the proceedings.

The convention organized by the election of William Hamilton as President, James McClain Reading Clerk, A. Wolf and Wilbur F. Reeder as Secretaries.

After the transaction of some preliminary business the convention got down to work and began to make nominations.

Judge Mayer was unanimously made the Judicial nominee, the clerks casting the votes.

Mr. Casanova nominated A. G. Curtin for Congress and Jonathan Harper put up Mr. Meek. Curtin was nominated on first ballot, the vote standing 38 to 33, getting all the doubtful delegates.

On motion J. N. Casanova a committee of two was appointed to escort Mr. Curtin into the convention. This motion was carried, but many dissenting voices were heard.

For Senator, C. T. Alexander and Adam Hoy, were nominated. Alexander trotted over the course on first ballot by a vote of 57 to 14.

Just here Mr. Curtin arrived and made the following little speech, which has put the Republicans and Greenbackers on their mettle:

I have but five minutes—no as long as I generally talk. My fellow-citizens, I made up my mind when in a foreign country, holding a commission of my government, that the policy adopted by the national administration must lead to the troubles and difficulties which have occurred in the past of the country. I came home in 1872, and announced my sentiments as early as I could get into the State. In the meantime the Democratic party of Pennsylvania had taken my friend Governor Bigler from the ticket and placed my name upon it, and I was elected to the Constitutional Convention.

Since 1872 I have labored assiduously to produce reforms in the government at Washington and in this State. I believed that the time would come when the public sentiment would turn to the condition of things there and here, and that we would have such reforms as would conduce to the prosperity of the country and to the glory and power of the nation. Twice I have canvassed Ohio, once Indiana, and I have been in Pennsylvania and New York.

I have examined the platform upon which Mr. Dill stands, and it meets with my entire approbation, and I shall give him my vote and my support (Applause). I cannot understand why, if my old friends of Republican antecedents desire reform, they should attempt to secure it by an organization which cannot succeed. If they want reform, let them follow me and change the entire administration. If those placed in power fail, let them be returned to the people.

Fellow-citizens, I never had the confidence—thank God—I never had the support of the "ring" in Pennsylvania. They opposed me while I was laboring for the country during the war; they never voted for me; I never had the disgrace of their fellowship or friendship. (Applause). For the gentlemen placed in nomination by the people against me, I have the kindest feelings. I have no triumph in this success. It is a triumph of yourselves to place me on the stump and enlist me in the field which may lead to reform.

I am at war with the Cameron ring; with the men who pilfered your pub-

lic treasury, who now raise the bloody-shirt once more in the face of this great people and ask that the war which should be forgotten and forever shall be fought over again. They were valiant in the quartermaster and commissary departments; they sold hay, oats, horses and mules—and damned poor mules at that. I will give my faithful efforts to turn the thieves from the public treasury and to restore this great government once more to purity. I do not know what the result may be in the district. You have placed me before the conferees of six counties, and if it is their pleasure to nominate me I will try to discharge the duties of my high and important trust in such a manner as to meet the approbation of my constituents. In all the official positions in which I have been placed I always did desire that in this beautiful county, beside these green mountains, where the Alleghenies roll up their magnificent crests—that these people amongst whom I was born, where I have lived, and where, by the blessing of God, I trust to die and be buried—I only ask, and have always asked, that I receive their approbation. (Applause.)

For the Legislature, J. P. Gephart and W. A. Murray were nominated on 1st ballot. Gephart received 47 votes and Murray got 43.

John Spangler was nominated for Sheriff on first ballot over J. S. McCormick by a vote of 61 to 10.

J. C. Harper was placed on ticket for Prothonotary after four ballots were taken. On the last ballot the vote was: Harper, 37; Brett, 22; Rumberger, 12.

W. E. Burchfield for Register and W. A. Tobias for Recorder were unanimously nominated, having no opposition.

There was quite a skirmish on the Treasurer question. John Hoffer of Bellefonte was pitted against the Centre county bank. He remained in the race until the 6th ballot when, according to rules, he was dropped. The fight then narrowed down between J. H. Holt and Adam Yearick, the latter being nominated on 7th ballot by a vote of 39 to 32.

For Commissioners Geo. Swab and Jacob Dunkle were nominated. A large number of ballots were required to tell the result.

Dr. Constance Cambridge was nominated for Coroner on first ballot over Drs. Adams, McEntire and Mr. Kreamer.

The convention came to a close after electing D. F. Fortney, Esq., chairman of the county committee.

## THE RESULT.

It is plain to every one that the Congressional nomination was made by the Centre County Bank and Andy Dill. Mr. Curtin is an abler man than Mr. Meek, but the latter is more deserving than his late opponent, who had scarcely squatted amongst the opposition before he was in office.

The supposition that Andrew G. Curtin will sweep the Democratic, Republican and Greenback vote of this county is all folly. In the first place there are hundreds of Democrats who cannot and will not vote for him. Secondly, his course towards the Republican party is sufficient to drive away even his personal friends in that party. If their votes are worth having, Curtin should at least respect them. And in the third place, the Greenbackers will not touch him because of his soft money proclivities, as he is no doubt the largest stockholder in a National bank, and in intimate connection with other corporations.

The other nominations are the fruits of machine work, and were produced with as much exactness as "Mother Goose's Rhymes." We believe that, with discreet management, other men may be elected. Some of the disappointed candidates are awfully mad, and threaten vengeance. So mote it be.

—Among the many kinds of sewing machines offered to the public, none is more meritorious than the new and improved Howe, which has been before the public for a long time. For durability, cheapness and excellence, it has no superior. A gold medal has been given and honorable mention made of it at the Paris Exposition, now in progress. The public may examine this wonderful machine by calling on Mr. C. T. Moore, agent, Milesburg.

—The Watchman contends that the simple act of failing to get registered will not deprive any citizen of his vote. Any person who has paid a State or county tax within two years in the district in which he wants to vote cannot legally be refused a vote.

—Hon. H. W. Palmer and Gen. W. H. McCartney, of Wilkesbarre, will address the Republicans of Centre county on Thursday evening, September 26th, at the Court House. Let all the people turn out and hear the truth.

—The road-beds of the railroads in Pennsylvania are pronounced the best in the world.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

## Notes and Observations.

BY JORNEY GRIBSON.

There are some tendencies of modern politics which are pleasing to the average patriot, who prefers peace and harmony and an era of good will and charity to the one-sidedness and vindictiveness which have been but too prominent in the conduct of partisan campaigns generally. As an illustration of this fact what took place in Lock Haven last Monday evening was quite significant. Both the Democratic and National-Greenback parties had secured the Court House for their meetings, fairly and completely, as they believed, and both had extensively advertised that their meetings were to be held there. As it was really the beginning of the fall campaign in this State—especially for the Democracy—it was quite important for them to secure the vantage ground of the locus.

That the Greenbackers had the better right to the Court House—that is, that they had the first promise—is, I believe, unquestionable. Yet, although the Democrats had undoubtedly the superior following in town as to numbers; though they had the county officials generally on their side; though partisan feeling ran high, and many of the more ardent and less discreet of the party were disposed to take control of the building by force if necessary, yet better and more tolerant councils prevailed, and the Greenbackers were permitted to enjoy the fruits of their greater promptness and superior tactics in getting into the coveted place, and to possess it in peace. They were denounced in some corners for trickery, but generally even their opponents could not candidly deny that they were entitled to credit and admiration for their persistency and finesse in securing what they believed to be their rights. And it cannot be denied that the Democrats showed commendable good sense and forbearance in permitting their opponents to occupy the favorite location while themselves, with their distinguished speakers, remained, literally, "out in the cold."

Appropos of this same meeting, it looked a little queer to many of us who had heard our great war Governor, Curtin, on the stump in these parts about 1860, and before and after—dealing to the Democratic party most vigorous and effective blows, such as few besides him could give—now on the platform, hand and glove with the leaders and representatives of that party, and declaring his adhesion to them. "Times change, and we change with them," said the Roman poet, and if he had been writing of modern politics in this country, his remark would have been very forcibly true. I wonder if some malignant opponent of our ex-Governor, or of the party which has politically resuscitated him, will not be mean enough to revive some of the utterances or speeches made by him in the heat of those former contests. One thing, it seems to me, ought to be generally recognized, that a man has a complete right to change his opinions, or his opinion of the men or the parties as to their respective policy or principles. Parties are composed of men, and sometimes even majorities change their views.

Your chronicler, in writing of the printers' excursion to Lloydsville last week, discovers—what he anticipated—that he was by no means thoroughly informed upon an event of which he knew nothing at all until a day or two before it was to take place. The editors and reporters along the Juniata Valley have very generally written complete and well-executed articles upon the events connected with the affair, and several of them I have read with much interest, thereby gaining information which it would have been well had I possessed before giving your readers the hasty general and personal account which I penned for your columns last week. The Tyone Herald contains an excellent article upon the subject, and from that particularly I extract a few items of interest to add to what I said before.

The Bells Gap railroad was commenced in 1871, and completed in 1873, principally under the direction of Mr. Joseph Ramsey, who is still the superintendent and engineer of road, and who had control of the excursion trains on the recent occasion. The length of the road—which is owned by a stock corporation—is 8,310 miles. The maximum grade of the road is 156 feet per mile, the average being 145 feet per mile; the total elevation is 1,120 feet. It is proposed to continue the road to Whitmer Run, 16½ miles distant from Lloydsville. The popularity of the scenery on the route, and on its terminus for picnic purposes, is evidenced by the fact that this year there have enjoyed its benefits, in June, 8 parties, with 695 persons; July, 6 parties, 663 persons;

August, 14 parties, 800 individuals; September, so far as heard from, having only the one excursion party, numbering from 750 to 800 souls, as estimated, and assuming that each person in the party possessed one soul and no more.

We don't know that it is necessary to say any more to complete our account of this affair, except that those present organized a business meeting, after your representative left, and passed resolutions complimentary to everybody prominently connected with the management of the event, which was no more than just. I will also add that the excursionists represented the various printing and newspaper offices in the ten counties of Centre, Clearfield, Huntingdon, Bedford, Cambria, Somerset, Mifflin, Juniata, Perry and Blair, and that hereafter they propose "to do so some more."

Our eminent U. S. Senator, Wm. A. Wallace, in his speech at Lock Haven last Monday evening, met the Greenback issue, and I cannot say that he did not meet it squarely, but I don't think he vanquished it. If the Democrats of this section believe that with such leaders and representatives they have any chance of securing votes from the new party, then they must terribly misunderstand the declarations of the young organization. Senator Wallace declares, with other things equally significant and unmistakable: "Is there such a thing as money separate from value? It is the measure of value. As the measure of weight must have weight, so the measure of value must have value."

\* \* \* Gold and silver have intrinsic value and make just measures of value.

But, then, the Senator declares that the formation of the greenback means the disintegration of the Republican party, so it is not the funeral of the Democrats, anyway. But we doubt if he expects that the Nationals will clearly understand the significance of his utterances, or else he believes too firmly in the cohesive power of his own organization. He may be fearfully mistaken in both respects.

## Our Consumption of Water.

For the past three months the average amount of water pumped by the Bellefonte water works has been about 280,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. This, divided among the population of our borough, would give as the average consumption of each inhabitant, about 74 gallons—or, to a family of five persons, 370 gallons each twenty-four hours.

According to the report of the Chief Engineer of the Philadelphia water works, the consumption of the city is 50,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, or 50 gallons to each inhabitant; but Philadelphia is a great manufacturing city, requiring a vast amount of water for steam boilers and other purposes, and all this supply has to be pumped. An estimate may be formed of the amount used by private firms when the tax of some is rated at \$1400 per annum. Taking out the amount used for manufacturing purposes, and placing it on the same footing as ourselves, I think the supply for private use could be safely put at 40 gallons in twenty-four hours for each person, or a little over half of ours. I have been informed by a citizen of Erie, one familiar with the water consumption there, that their average is only 30 gallons to each person; but he also informed me that the rules and regulations in regard to the wasting of water were strictly enforced. I have examined reports from various places in regard to consumption of water, and so far as my recollection goes, in no place is the consumption more than 60 gallons to each inhabitant, and very few that much.

In none of these places, I presume, is water wasted as it is here; nor are hydrants in houses, yards or streets left run for hours at a time. In Philadelphia, a place of which I am qualified to speak, I never saw, nor would it be tolerated, such a reckless waste of water that is so expensive to supply.

From the figures that I have given of the amount of water pumped, any one can see there is a great abundance supplied, and if not wasted about one-half the pumping would be all that would be necessary to give plenty of water. The question of waste is one that should interest every tax-payer and citizen, for every gallon that is wasted costs so much in fuel, wear and tear of boilers and machinery. Not only would the expense for supplying the water be greatly reduced, but the citizens who live on the high places in our borough would get plenty of water, for which they pay a tax, in proportion, the same as those living lower down, and who are never without.

GEORGE W. ROGERS,

Engineer.

The Chester Republican says Andy Dill's speeches are all made up of explanations.







Prep<sup>d</sup>, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sold by Druggists and  
Country Store Keepers.



# HARRY K. HICKS,

(Successor to T. A. Hicks & Bro.)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

HARDWARE, STOVES, OILS, PAINTS, GLASS, PUTTY, &C.

Also has the agency of the South Bend Chilled Plow for this county.

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS.

**Clothing.**  
**SEASON of 1878!**  
 Fine Clothing  
 MADE TO YOUR OWN ORDER  
 CHEAPER THAN  
 READY - MADE.  
 THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST  
 ASSORTMENT OF  
**HATS AND CAPS!**  
**FINE SHIRTS**  
 A SPECIALTY.  
 BUY GOOD WARM CLOTHING AT  
 LOW PRICES FROM  
**Montgomery & Co.**  
 No. 7 Brockerhoff Row.

**CLOTHING**  
 AT RETAIL FOR  
**Wholesale Prices!**

A Man's full Suit for . . . \$5.00  
 that used to \$10.00.  
 A neat, nice styled good Suit, at \$6.00  
 good wear.  
 All wool CASSIMER SUITS for the  
 price of making.  
 Boy's Suits for . . . \$2.50  
 that used to be \$6.00.

**Neat Style Spring OVERCOATS.**  
 PRICES BELOW THOSE OF ALL  
 OTHERS.

Practice economy, by saving money,  
 by buying your Clothing of  
**S. & A. LOEB'S,**  
 ALLEGHENY STREET,  
 BELLEFONTE, PA.

**WM. S. TRIPPLE,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
 Spring Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

**FASHIONABLE SUITS**  
 MADE TO ORDER AT  
**LOW CASH PRICES.**  
 vs 12-1

**Confectionery.**  
**CANDY MANUFACTORY AND BAKERY.**

**Mr. Albert Kauth,**  
 —AT THE—  
**Bishop Street Bakery,**  
 is now making the very best BREAD, CAKES  
 AND PIES in Bellefonte.  
**Candies and Confections.**

He also manufactures all kinds of candies,  
 and dealers can purchase of him as low as in  
 the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand,  
 together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates,  
 Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.  
**CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.**  
 An excellent oyster saloon also attached to  
 the Bakery. Call and see me.  
 vs 12-17 **ALBERT KAUTH.**

**Medical.**

**HUNT'S REMEDY**  
 The Great Kidney  
 Medicine is not a new  
 compound; it has been  
 known for many years  
 and used by all classes  
 of people. It cures all  
 diseases of the kidneys,  
 bladder, and urinary  
 organs. Dropsy, Gravel,  
 Diabetes, and all  
 diseases of the bladder,  
 and all complaints of the  
 kidneys. HUNT'S REMEDY  
 is purely vegetable,  
 and does not contain any  
 poisonous or dangerous  
 ingredients. It is prepared  
 by HUNT'S REMEDY  
 Co., and is sold by all  
 druggists. One trial will  
 convince you.  
 Send for pamphlet to  
**WM. F. CLARKE,**  
 BELLEFONTE, PA.

**HARDWARE!**  
**JAMES HARRIS & CO.,**  
 ARE SELLING VERY LOW  
**REAPER SECTIONS AND REPAIRS,**  
 And all kinds of Farming Tools,  
**RAKES FORKS, SCYTHES, CRADLES, SPROUT'S HAY FORKS,**  
 ROPE BLOCKS, ETC., ETC.,  
 As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet  
 all demands in this line.

**Planing Mill.**

**Laird, Foutz & Bartley**  
 (Successors to McLellan & Speer)

PROPRIETORS OF  
**BELLEFONTE**  
**PLANING MILL**

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash,

Doors,

Sidings,

Floorings,

Mouldings,

Scroll Work,

Stairs,

Building Material,

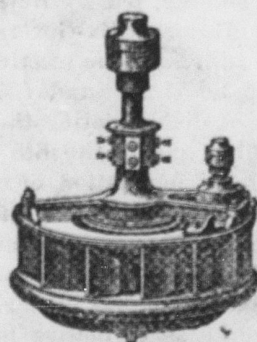
Cottage Bedsteads,

Frame Work, and all styles of work generally  
 found in a first-class planing mill.

**LAIRD, FOUTZ & BARTLEY,**  
 10 23 6m Bellefonte, Pa.

**Foundry and Machinists.**

**W. P. Duncan & Co.,**



**BELLEFONTE, PA.**

**ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS.**

**BELLEFONTE.**

**PATENT WATER WHEEL,**

**STEAM ENGINES,**

**CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,**

**ROLLING MILL**  
 AND  
**Grist Mill Machinery.**

**THOMAS H. RHOADS,**

is prepared to do  
**PAPER HANGING, PAINTING & GLAZING**  
 at reasonable rates. Orders left at his residence  
 on Lamb street, Bellefonte, Pa., will receive  
 prompt attention.  
 vs Satisfaction guaranteed. 8-12-1y

**W. L. FOULK, Agent Pennsylvania, Ohio,**

and Western Press Association, is here-  
 by appointed the sole and only authorized agent  
 for the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN, for Pitts-  
 burgh, Allegheny and vicinity—this to hold  
 good for six months or further extended.  
 Bellefonte, April 16, 1877

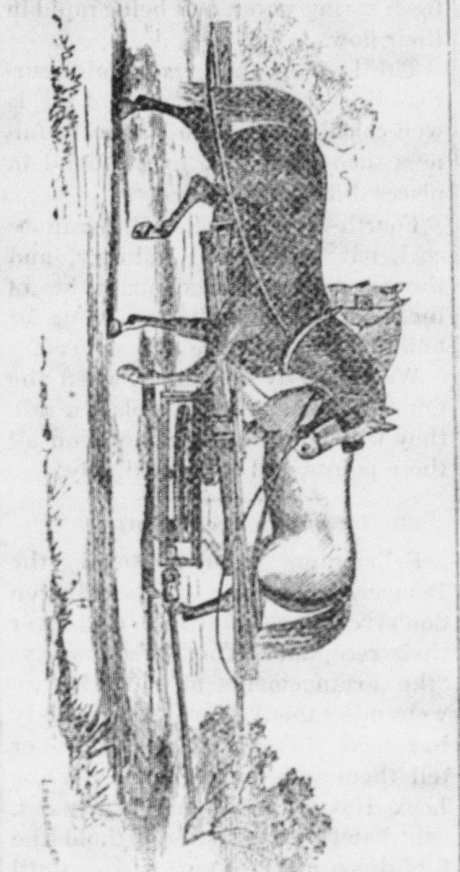
**Farming Implements.**

**HORSE - POWER**

AND

**Thrashing Machine,**

With Straw Carriers of different sizes.



The above cut represents a two-horse

**SWEEP POWER**

**IRON FRAME,**

Very simple in its construction, and durable

IT IS A TUMBLING

**BAR POWER,**

AND HAS AN IRON JACK.

In these times of financial depression money  
 is more easily saved than earned. So that  
 every farmer needs his own

**THRASHING MACHINE**  
 AND

**POWER,**

to thresh when it suits him, and when his men  
 and horses have nothing else to do. Address

**W. H. H. Nivling & Co.,**  
 TYRONE, PENN'A.

10-31-3m

**Lumber.**

**YARD AT**

**BELLEFONTE, PA.**

**E. W. CRIDER.**

**P. B. CRIDER & SON.**

**MANUFACTURERS.**

In connection with their Mill in Snow Shoe, Centre county, Pa., they have started

**A Retail LUMBER YARD near Duncan Hale & Co's Mill, Bellefonte, Pa.,**

where they sell all kinds of LUMBER, including: Oak, Pine, Spruce, Fir, Hemlock, White Pine, Yellow Pine, Red Pine, White Birch, Black Birch, Sugar Maple, Hard Maple, Ash, Elm, Hickory, Chestnut, Walnut, Cherry, and all other kinds of lumber. Also, Shingles, Siding, and all other mill work. Prices low and quality guaranteed.

**CELLAR GRATES, WINDOW WEIGHTS AND BRICK;**

**LIME, HAIR, GLASS, NAILS, &c., &c.**

A reasonable amount of freight taken in exchange.

**BEST**

business you can engage in. \$3 to \$20

per day made by any worker of either

sex, right in their own localities.

Particulars and samples worth \$5 free

improve your spare time at this business. Ad-

dress STINSON & CO., Maine. 10 21 1y

**\$66**

a week in your own town. \$5 Outfit

free. No risk. Reader, if you want a

business at which persons of either

sex can make great pay all the time

they work, write for particulars to

**HALLET & CO., Portland, Maine.** 10 21 1y

**PIANOS**

Retail price \$1000 only \$275.

Parlor Organs, price \$340 only

\$95. Paper free. D. F. Reilly,

Washington, N. J. 24 4t

**Star Parlor Organ.**

**GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES**

**DURING**

**FEBRUARY & MARCH**

**WE WILL SELL A**

**Star Parlor Organ**

WITH UPRIGHT WALNUT CASE, CARV-

ED LIDS, CARVED BRACKETS, VENE-

RED PANELS, ARTISTIC WORK-

MANSHIP, HAVING 12 STOPS

TWO 5-OCTAVE SETS

OF REEDS, AND

ONE 3-OCTAVE

SET.

**LIST PRICE - \$275.00.**

**Reduced Price \$85.00.**

Deposit the purchase money with your bank

or responsible business man

AND SEND FOR THE ORGAN.

Pay freight and examine it ten days. If it

satisfies you the deposit is ours; if you are not

entirely satisfied, return the Organ to the rail-

road station and get your freight, go the bank

or business man and get your money. You

have not lost a penny and have run no risk.

**WE FULLY WARRANT FOR**

**FIVE YEARS.**

We are the bona fide manufacturers, having

large factories in WASHINGTON, N. J., driven

by steam.

We are the only advertisers from this place who

make any part of an Organ.

**FOR CASH WITH THE ORDER WE WILL**

**DISCOUNT TEN DOLLARS FROM**

**THE ABOVE PRICE.**

Address,

**ALLEGHER, BOWLEY & CO.,**

10-9 1y Washington, N. J.

**Miscellaneous.**

**\$2500 Active \$2500**

**A Year. Agents A Year.**

WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY, TO CAN-

VASS OUR LINE OF FINE

**PREMIUM FAMILY BIBLES:**

ENGLISH and GERMAN, PROTESTANT and

CATHOLIC.

Comprising nearly 100 different Styles, with

numerous elegantly illustrated Explanatory

Features.

The most complete, perfect and beauti-

ful line of Bibles ever offered to the American

Public.

—ALSO ON OUR—

**Grand Combination Prospectus**

OF 150 DISTINCT PUBLICATIONS.

Representing Agricultural, Biographical, His-

torical, Religious and Miscellaneous Works, and

Family, Pulpit and pocket Bibles and Testa-

ments, wanted in every family.

A Novel Feature in Cataloguing. Sales made

from this Prospectus, when all single books fail.

The most Comprehensive, Reliable and Ac-

curate History of the late conflict between The

Russian and The Turk, with its 300 elegant En-

gravings, Maps and Plans, the most showy, de-

sirable and useful book now published. For

(Circulars and Liberal terms, address,

**JNO. E. POTTER & CO., Publishers,**

**PHILADELPHIA.** 9-36-1y

**Watchmaker.**

**WATCHMAKERS**

**REMOVAL.**

**F. C. RICHARDS**

takes this opportunity to inform his friends

that he has removed to the new building lately

erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door

to the office of Alexander & Co. on High St.

**Bush House.**

**IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS!**

—THE—

**BUSH HOUSE!**

**BELLEFONTE, PA.,**

has been thoroughly renovated and repaired, and under the management of

the new proprietor, MR. GEORGE HOPPE, formerly of

Pittsburgh, is first-class in all its appointments.

**SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS**

Are offered to those in attendance at COURT, and others remaining

in town for a few days at a time.

**The Largest and most Superbly Designed Ho-**

**tel in Central Pennsylvania.**

**ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. GO TRY THE BUSH HOUSE.**

**GEORGE HOPPE, Proprietor.**

**Wilson & McFarlane--Hardware.**

**STOVES, RANGES,**

—AND—

**HARDWARE,**

**CHEAPER THAN EVER:**

**WILSON & McFARLANE**

ARE SELLING ALL KINDS OF

**Double & Single Parlor Heaters,**

**COOK STOVES AND RANGES,**

LOWER THAN THEY WERE EVER SOLD BEFORE. ALL KINDS OF

**HARDWARE, PAINTS,**

**Oils, Varnishes, Glass, &c.,**

ARE SOLD VERY LOW. They are the only party in this County selling the celebrated

**ARMSTRONG'S McELVY'S PURE WHITE LEAD.**

GUARANTEED STRICTLY PURE AND BETTER THAN ANY LEAD IN THE MARKET.

It will pay one double to buy at the new Hardware Store, Humes' Block

Allegheny-street, Bellefonte, Pa.

**WILSON & McFARLANE.**

9 14-1f.

**Sulphur Soap.**

**GLENN'S**

**SULPHUR SOAP**

ERADICATES

ALL LOCAL SKIN DISEASES;

PERMANENTLY BEAUTIFIES THE

COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REME-

DIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT,

HEALS SORES AND INJURIES

OF THE CUTICLE, AND

IS A RELIABLE DISINFECTANT.

This popular and inexpensive remedy

accomplishes the same results

as costly SULPHUR BATHS, since it

PERMANENTLY REMOVES ERUPTIONS

and IRRITATIONS of the Skin.

COMPLEXIONAL BLEMISHES are al-

ways obviated by its use, and it ren-

ders the cuticle wondrously fair and

smooth.

SORES, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SCALDS,

BURNS and CUTS are SPEEDILY HEALED

by it, and it prevents and remedies

Gout and Rheumatism.

IT REMOVES DANDRUFF, strengthens

the roots of the Hair, and preserves

its youthful color. As a DISINFECTANT

of Clothing and Linen used in the sick



# Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

PUBLISHED EVERY  
WEDNESDAY MORNING  
AT BELLEFONTE, PA.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.  
Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

## Local Department.

—Get ready for the Fair.  
—Town Council met on Monday night last.  
—Barnum's show was well attended yesterday at Lock Haven.  
—It is your duty to help make the county fair a success.  
—Granger picnic at State College to-day.  
—The public schools are unusually well attended.  
—Yesterday was a lively day in this place.  
—Summer guests are leaving Bellefonte for their city homes.  
—The rain of last Friday was cheerfully received by everybody.  
—It will pay you to examine Newman's one dollar shirt. 34-4f  
—We publish this week a detailed statement of the borough finances for the last fiscal year.  
—The colored people of Bellefonte indulged in a social hop in Bush's Arcade last Thursday night.  
—The Susquehanna, at Jersey Shore, is down below the water mark of 1803.  
—Some changes are to be made in the plans of the Millin county Court House.  
—Gunning accidents will be our most "numerous" theme for the next four months.  
—The date for holding the county convention has been changed to Thursday, the 26th.  
—W. R. Bierley, formerly a Centre county lad, is running for the Legislature on the Lycoming Democratic ticket.  
—Newman has been so pressed for clothing that he was compelled to go to Philadelphia last night to lay in a new stock.  
—Send for circulars and price-lists of the Branson Knitting Machine. Postage prepaid by Harry K. Hicks, Bellefonte.  
—Four thousand people at Hughes' Greenback display on Tuesday night of last week, says the *Herald*. Who counted them?  
—J. Newman's tailoring establishment, at his clothing store, is being immensely patronized because of his low prices.  
—R. W. Mulholland, a Bellefonte lad, now working in Altoona, paid his parents a visit last Saturday. He remained until Monday afternoon.  
—Harry Teats' flower garden suffered one night last week from the presence of a rascal who deliberately destroyed several choice species.  
—E. S. Garver, of the Worth County (Mo.) Times, once a typo in the Centre Hall Reporter office, is chairman of the Worth county Democratic committee.  
—The Logan Fire Company will hold its regular meeting to-morrow (Thursday) night. A full attendance is requested, as business of importance will be transacted.  
—The naked fact that J. Newman, Jr., is as busy as a bee selling goods has some significance. Times are getting better because his clothing is disposed of at very low rates.  
—The annual re-union of the 49th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers will be held in the Court House, at Millintown, on Wednesday, November 14th, 1878. A general invitation is extended to all soldiers of the late war.  
—We are in favor of rag, gold or silver money when it comes to paying subscription, and the respective advocates of those kinds of currency need not be afraid to step into the box and square their accounts.  
—Altoona had a railroad collision last Thursday in which a number of persons were injured seriously. Yard Supervisor McCulley had both feet so badly smashed that amputation was necessary.  
—If you want good beef steak go to Sechlar for it. All know and acknowledge that Sechlar keeps none but the best, and so nice and tender that if you have poor teeth you will find a real pleasure in eating it.

### A Trip to Sandy Ridge.

On Saturday last we associate boarded the early morning train for Sandy Ridge, a small village in Rush township, on the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad. Nothing of especial note occurred on the way to Tyrone, at which point, after waiting almost an hour, we took passage for our destination, just beyond the summit of the Alleghenies. Immediately after leaving Tyrone the grade gradually ascends, and when past the intersection it becomes quite perceptible. The fact that we are climbing a grade which, on the whole, averages more than one hundred feet to the mile, is apparent from the slow rate of speed attained and the continual puffing of the locomotive. In a few minutes the stumpy lowlands are distanced and we reach a considerable elevation, which increases as our train follows the serpentine iron road through the mountains. Now and then extremely beautiful scenes present themselves to the traveler, while all the while a vast panorama of deep gorges, high mountains, and occasional domestic pictures pass in grand review as we wind through and up the mountains. To the right are yawning ravines pierced with a sparkling stream which the bright sun of a September morning transforms into a silvery-colored thread, while alongside trails a narrow road for the transportation of saw logs and lumber to points below. To the left steep mountain sides, covered with tall trees and underbrush, confront us as apparently immovable sentinels, but over which science and mechanism have won a substantial and lasting victory. Thus we go until the summit is reached, when we are at an elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea. The Clearfield branch is one of the best mountain roads in the country, both as regards management and construction.

### SANDY RIDGE.

an unpretentious village, is the first station beyond the summit, and only worthy of note on account of the extensive fire brick works operated by William R. Miller. These works were built in 1869-7 and have been in operation ever since with the exception of about three months, giving employment to fifty or more people. The first mill erected had a capacity of 100,000 bricks per month; but by strict attention to business, the demand for Mr. Miller's work so increased that a new mill of like capacity was built at great expense in 1872-3. The location and conveniences are superb and unequalled by any similar establishment in the country. The cost of producing the raw material is consequently slight, and they are thus enabled to dispose of their productions at very low figures. Three mines are now worked by Mr. Miller, from which various qualities of clay are taken. The deposit at this point is very extensive, having a front of nearly a thousand yards, and extending back into the hill an unknown distance. It lies in strata and is covered with a slate roof.

The first layer is a tough blue clay varying in thickness from one to three feet. It is used in brick for cupolas, Bessimer steel bottoms and blast furnace inwalls. It never goes into rolling mill brick.

Below the blue strata is a bed of the best hard clay found in the world, which is made the base of all brick, but is used more extensively in some qualities than others. The strata is 2½ to 5 feet in thickness.

Beneath the above layer is a clay two to six feet thick, not quite so hard. As a "bond" for bricks of various kinds it is unsurpassed, and readily bears the most intense heat without melting.

The last bed is called rolling mill bond and is used in material for ordinary puddling or blast furnaces.

It is scarcely possible to conceive of the value or extent of this clay deposit, and the ease with which it is transported from the mines to the mill. The first, or old mine, penetrates to the depth of 400 yards and connects with mine No. 2, which extends under the hill 200 yards. Mine No. 3 was only recently opened, but will prove the most valuable. In course of a year almost the entire bulk of material will come from this mine. It is a magnificent opening of sixteen feet thickness. The mines are close to the works and connected with the mills by a system of tramways. One would hardly suppose that it is necessary to make heavy blasts in order to produce the raw material, but such is the case. The hard, blue clay mentioned, resembles dark limestone more than clay, but after being exposed to the air for some time, crumbles into dust.

The first process of fire-brick making is the mixing of various clays to produce a desired quality. This is quite a task, and the end is only attained after a series of extensive experiments. It requires as much care and precision as does the production of a

certain color of paint by the admixture of opposite ingredients. When the proper combination is made, the material is thrown into a crusher, ground and made the exact consistency by the addition of water. It is then moulded into proper shapes and sizes by hand, which are carried to heated floors, where they remain until dry enough to be pressed. After becoming sufficiently hardened, they are run through a small, ingeniously contrived pressing machine, and returned to the heated floors for further drying. In a short time they are conveyed to the kilns, five in number, where they are burned and made ready for use.

Two large engines of fifty and twenty-five horse power respectively, are used in the mills, and about 280 tons of coal are consumed per month about the establishment. Water is abundantly supplied from two points by complete arrangements, and in fact everything is so fixed that great convenience is the result.

Mr. Miller, with his father, owns about 400 acres of land and the improvements thereon. The town of Sandy Ridge is almost exclusively owned by them. A postoffice, Adams Express, and a depot of the first-class kind have been established. A public school building has also been erected, and a church edifice is within reach of all. When the Messrs. Miller went to Sandy Ridge it was a "howling wilderness," but the place has been made to "blossom as the rose." The fire brick business is good, and prospects ditto. The establishment is one of the substantial industries of Centre county, and should be sustained. Mr. Miller, Jr., the present operator, is a genial fellow, and is happy to show strangers through his extensive works.

### Not Very Reliable.

Our Dutch Gap canal cotemporary, the *Watchman*, has always been noted for willfully saying things hind-end foremost, and then calling on its readers to know what they "think of that?" In last week's *REPUBLICAN* appeared the following:

There was an army of "veterans" at Pine Grove on Saturday who never took a hand in even a skirmish. They were principally Democratic office seekers.

On Friday the *Watchman* appeared with the following:

The *Republican* says that the "veterans" who attended the picnic and reunion of the Veterans Club at Pine Grove, were mostly Democratic office seekers, who had never even seen a skirmish. What do the gallant soldiers belonging to the club and who attended the picnic, think of that?

A person who hasn't more brains than a pumpkin, even though it be the *Watchman* editor, ought to be able to see through the above. We said "there was an army of veterans at Pine Grove who never took a hand in even a skirmish." Then we told who composed the army—"Democratic office seekers." Who can deny the fact of their being there, or who can deny that the majority never took part in a skirmish?

### An Elopement Escapade.

For some time past, says an informant, it has been a subject of remark among the good people of the quiet town of Port Matilda that Mrs. Sallie Duck, wife of Mr. A. Duck, a worthy and esteemed citizen of that place, possessed strong affections for a neighbor named George Newman. At first their intercourse was confined to long and loving glances. This was only a taste of the sweets, and to enjoy each others' company more, they managed to meet at a neighbor's house. Finally, however, the climax was reached, and we are compelled to chronicle the old, old story of elopement. On the night of the 3d inst., in company with her paramour, who we believe is also a married man, the unfaithful wife left her husband's bed and board for parts unknown. Though a large number of people enjoy with evident zest this violation of the laws of society and the country, it should not be condoned by the community.

Let every Republican attend the delegate election next Saturday, and select good men to represent you in the county convention. By reference to Chairman Love's call, it will be seen that the date for holding the convention has been changed to Thursday, the 26th—one week from to-morrow. On the evening of that day there will be a mass meeting at the Court House, at which Gens. Palmer and McCartney, of Wilkesbarre, will address the people. Let there be a rousing turn out at the convention, and country people should make arrangements to remain for the mass meeting.

An old dame happened along as Hon. Frank Hughes was delivering his speech on Tuesday night of last week. After listening patiently for a while, she exclaimed to a relative: "If you and Jake believe what that old fellow says, you can just go ahead; but he can't fool me!"

Chief Burgess Weaver returned last week from a trip to Iowa.

### Penitentiary Memorial.

At Monday night's meeting of Town Council a memorial to the Commissioners of the Middle Pennsylvania District was read and adopted. It is well known that our people are making an earnest effort to secure the location of the new penitentiary at Bellefonte, and this movement by the Council is right. The memorial sets forth—

First—The central position occupied by Bellefonte in the district composed of the several counties, and the accessibility by railroad.

Second—That this region is now, and ever has been, free from diseases which periodically appear in towns and cities situated along rivers; that an original case of what is known as "fever and ague" has seldom, if ever, occurred within the limits of Centre county, because the streams are mainly, if not altogether, composed of fresh spring water, and being rapid in their flow.

Third—That our mountain surroundings, causing a purity of air, is well calculated to afford a healthfulness such as is not to be found in places differently located.

Fourth—Our deposits of bituminous coal, our agricultural industry, and the presence of large quantities of lime, brown and white sandstone for building purposes, are duly noticed.

We earnestly hope that, when the Commissioners give this place a call, they will take into consideration all these points, and act accordingly.

### Shabby Treatment.

Bellefonters who attended the Democratic meeting at Lock Haven don't "enthuse" worth a cent over their reception. The *Watchman* says "the arrangements at Lock Haven were miserable. There was nobody to receive them (the Bellefonters) or tell them where to go, and even the Lock Haven band was not yet out. Our band was sent for to 'hold the fort' down at the Court House until the Lock Haven band could get there, and tired and hungry as they were, they had to go. In about half an hour, however, the Lock Haven musicians arrived, and then our boys were taken to the Fallon House by C. T. Alexander, Esq., who had ordered supper for them."

At the close of its article, after referring to the prominent men who were there, concludes thusly as to the arrangements: "And yet the arrangements for the Democratic meeting were the worst ever known in Lock Haven, the Republicans had no arrangements at all and the Greenbackers were lucky only in getting the Court House. Hurrah for Lock Haven."

Secretary Dale has made arrangements with the General Ticket Agent of the Pennsylvania railroad whereby excursion tickets can be purchased to this place before and during the Fair. The general agent has ordered all agents on the main line between Huntington and Altoona, on the Clearfield branch and the Bald Eagle Valley branch to sell excursion tickets to Bellefonte on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of October, good to return until the 12th inclusive.

—Clement Dale, Esq., Secretary of the Agricultural Society, has chosen James C. Williams as his lieutenant from now until the exhibition is over.

These gentlemen, in connection with Wilbur F. Reeder, Esq., Superintendent of the Amusement Department, are working energetically to make this the most successful fair yet held, and we are of the opinion that they will succeed.

—Gen. D. Mc. Gregg, of Lancaster, arrived in Bellefonte on Monday of last week, enroute to Buffalo Run, where he visited his brother-in-law, Col. Dorsey Green. Gen. Gregg gained much notoriety as a cavalry commander while serving in the army. He is a graduate of West Point.

—Dr. Thomas Rothrock informed us last Thursday that he had offered his services to suffering people in the South, who are afflicted with yellow fever. He has treated the disease and is not afraid to go into the fever-stricken country.

A party of thieves attempted to rob J. H. Hulbert & Co.'s store at Nittany Hall on Monday night of last week. On the day of the Reserve meeting at Pine Grove a number of dwellings in the vicinity were also robbed.

—We imagine that there are a few men in this county who never found out until yesterday how little the country needs them. Why dear bless you, men, don't you know the woods is full of just such patriots as you are.

—Father McGovern, formerly of the Catholic church of Bellefonte, but now stationed in Danville, returned to town last Wednesday and left on Thursday.

### Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Spring Mills Union S. School.

A Spring Mills correspondent sends us the following detailed report of the Semi-Centennial celebration of the Union Sunday-school of that place:

Spring Mills was all in commotion early in the morning of September 5th. A scene entirely unusual to the place was presented. Large moving bodies were to be seen all along the roads leading to this little village secluded among the hills; pedestrians of all ages, and vehicles of every description, filled with delighted people, and loaded with provisions sufficient, one would suppose, to subsist a small army for weeks, all moving in the direction of the grounds on which the fiftieth anniversary of the Spring Mills Union Sunday-school was to be celebrated. This large congregation signified that honor was to be done to the Sunday-school cause in general, and to this one school in particular, for having had an existence for fifty years, having been the pioneer Sunday-school of this section of country, and having accomplished a great and good work, well worthy the approval of all Christian people. This was the place where was to be a reunion of friends and school-mates of many years ago, and the memories of the past were to be rehearsed and enjoyed.

By 10½ A. M. the members of the school were assembled in the church and the classes arranged by the marshal, Mr. R. H. Duncan, in the order of their march to the grounds. Distinguished visitors and speakers began to arrive, and by 11 A. M. all had reached the grounds. The meeting was then called to order by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who stated that by reason of the great age of his father, the superintendent of the school, who by virtue of his office would be chairman, the responsibilities of the chairmanship would be laid upon the shoulders of the Rev. D. M. Wolf, a man very competent to fill the place. The services of the occasion were opened with prayer by the Rev. W. E. Fischer, and a portion of Scripture was read by Rev. Tomlinson. The Rev. James D. Wilson, of the Central Presbyterian Church of New York, then read an interesting history of the school from its organization to the present time. Ex-Governor Bigler followed with an eloquent and appropriate address on the benefits of Sunday-schools. He spoke of his own early connection with them, and said that a monument should be erected to Robert Raikes so high that nothing but the American eagle could soar within reach of its summit. He paid a high tribute to the Spring Mills Sunday-school and to its honored and aged superintendent, who had for fifty years been earnestly and faithfully engaged in the good work. After Mr. Bigler the Rev. Mr. Shoemaker, of Aaronsburg, and the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Lewisburg, entertained the audience with highly interesting and appropriate discourses. It was then announced that the exercises would be suspended until 2½ P. M. Then began the hand-shakings, the greetings, and the preparations for dinner. Old friends gathered around the table to engage in conversation and to enjoy the "good things" prepared by kind hands.

At 2½ P. M. the exercises were opened with singing, led by Revs. Shannon and Fischer. Ex-Governor Curtin then addressed the meeting. Mr. Curtin spoke of the Sunday-school as a means of disseminating the truths of the Bible, and of the Bible as being the very foundation of our government, and all free and enlightened governments everywhere. He spoke of our laws as being established upon Bible principles; of all good and noble works as emanating from the principles enunciated in the Bible, and that yet, shameful to say, there were men traveling all over the country blaspheming the word of God. Ingersoll, though a well educated man and talented orator, was more to be despised than Kearney, who, steeped in ignorance and vulgarity, blasphemed the word of God. General Beaver next addressed the meeting in an eloquent manner. He took for his subject this clause from the history of the school: "That continuance and success depend not upon the help of the multitude, but upon the fidelity of the few," and showed that this was the case in all great enterprises, and in every good work that requires combined effort. He concluded by saying that this should not be so; success should not depend upon the few, but all should engage with earnestness in the duties allotted to their charge.

The memorial services of Thursday evening, which were highly interesting and very appropriate, were opened with prayer by Rev. J. Tomlinson. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Thompson, Shannon, and Wilson. The addresses of the two latter were mainly historical. They referred to

their connection with the school, and of their many pleasant recollections of their school-boy days at Spring Mills.

On Friday evening the congregation was favored with a sermon by Rev. Shannon, of Milroy. A like favor was extended on Saturday evening by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, of Aaronsburg. On Sabbath morning Rev. D. M. Wolf entertained the children of the school with a very instructive and fitting address and preached a sermon at 10½ A. M. In the evening Rev. Mr. Fischer made an interesting address upon the duties and requirements of Sabbath-school teachers.

Rev. Wolf closed the Semi-Centennial services with an appropriate address, speaking of the several lessons to be learned from the school's experience in the fifty years of its existence. Mr. Wolf closed by thanking, in the name of the school, all of the ministers and speakers who had so kindly taken part in the exercises of our Semi-Centennial celebration.

The memorial meetings of the celebration were well attended from their commencement on Thursday until their close on Sabbath morning. The several committees performed their respective duties well. Many of the speakers and visitors manifested their high appreciation of the beautiful in expressing their admiration of the decoration of the church. Some remarked that they had seen many handsome decorations before, but had never seen any arranged in so beautiful and tasteful a style as these. The committee on decoration are deserving of very great credit for spending so much labor and skill upon them.

Much of the success of the celebration is to be credited to the untiring exertions of the Rev. James D. Wilson and Prof. D. M. Wolf, the latter of whom performed also the duties of presiding officer with that dignity and tact peculiar to himself. We are placed under lasting obligations to these gentlemen. S. A. W.

### DIED.

MILLER.—In Curtin township, August 12, 1878, Nathan, son of John and Susanna A. Miller, aged 5 years and 14 days.

MILLER.—In Curtin township, August 27, 1878, John, son of John and Susanna A. Miller, aged 1 year, 4 months and 16 days.

MILLER.—In Curtin township, September 7, 1878, Alfred, son of John and Susanna A. Miller, aged 3 years, 5 months and 3 days.

Thus, in less than one short month, have these sorrowing parents been bereaved of three darling children by the fell destroyer, diphtheria, leaving them childless and their home desolate. They have the sweet consolation, however, that their darling little ones are gathered in the Paradise above, where the glory never fades and the joy is eternal.

HOLT.—At Unionville, Sept. 7th, of droupy, Catharine Holt, 74 years, 8 months and 7 days. The parents of the deceased wish to return thanks to the citizens of Unionville and vicinity for many kind attentions shown them during their bereavement. (Clearfield papers please copy.)

YOU CAN BE HAPPY.—If you will stop your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and family with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simplest remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. "Proverbs" in another column. 35-2t

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

#### CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce Robert Valentine, Esq., of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Congress, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention and District Conference.

#### SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce as a candidate for Sheriff, Austin Curtin of Boggs, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of JACOB C. WALKER, of Boggs township, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

#### COMMISSIONER.

We are requested to announce as a candidate for Commissioner, D. S. GREGG, of North township, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

We are authorized to announce as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, Andrew Gregg, of Potter township, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of S. H. STOVER, of Rossburg, Harris township, as a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

### Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, Sept. 18, 1878.  
QUOTATIONS.

|                           |         |
|---------------------------|---------|
| White wheat per bushel    | \$ 99   |
| Red wheat                 | 90      |
| Rye per bushel            | 45      |
| Corn, cob                 | 40      |
| Corn, shelled             | 40      |
| Oats new                  | 30      |
| Cloverseed                | 3 00    |
| Flour, retail, per barrel | 5 00 25 |
| Flour, wholesale          | 4 84 75 |

#### HAY AND STRAW.

|                                  |         |
|----------------------------------|---------|
| Hay, choice timothy, per ton     | \$ 8 00 |
| Hay, mixed, per ton              | 6 00    |
| Long rye straw, bundled, per ton | 6 50    |
| Short straw per ton              | 3 50 50 |

|                              |         |
|------------------------------|---------|
| Cayuga, ground, per ton      | \$ 9 00 |
| Nova Scotia, ground, per ton | 10 00   |

### Provision Market.

Corrected weekly by Valentines & Co.

|                                    |    |
|------------------------------------|----|
| Apples, dried, per pound           | 8  |
| Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded | 8  |
| beans per quart                    | 8  |
| Fresh butter per pound             | 24 |
| Chickens per pound                 | 8  |
| Cheese per pound                   | 16 |
| Country hams per pound             | 12 |
| Hams, sugar cured                  | 12 |
| Lard                               | 8  |
| Eggs per doz.                      | 12 |
| Potatoes per bushel                | 70 |
| Dried beef, per lb.                | 20 |
| Wilson's pressed beef per pound    | 25 |
| Canned tomatoes per can            | 15 |
| Lemons per doz.                    | 50 |
| Dried sweet corn per pound         | 50 |
| Small onions per quart             | 50 |